VB AMERICAN

Written by. M. - Inshiman - Longshoreman - Etc
Copied by Tom Bamett.

Two more articles as called for - coming up.

In America today there is a great underworld. Also there's a great middle world. This is made up of the tramps, the bums, the bridle~~s~~tiffs - all those outside the pale of the W. P. A., the S. E. R. A. the C. C. Camps and other forms of national or local charities. To say their number is legion is true but true. Up and down the highways of America they go; tramping with their bedding on their backs; riding the blinds, the rods, the freights; mooching, begging, stealing their way. And when they get to a place on the Atlantic or Pacific sea coast where they can't go any further they turn around and ride back over the very same route they came. In a way the Big Boys who are called leaders of the Nation are in the very same boat - or is it ice box? They

ride and ride and come to a
funancial sea coast where they can't go
any further. Then they say; "Well, maybe
we missed something over the route we
came. We had to travel mighty fast. Let's
go back!" So they hop a freight when
the high ball toots, or spying a blind
where the passenger wails and ride back
over the very same route they came. And
all they get is soot rings round their
eyes and grit in their hair --

At 11:30 on the night of Friday, March
the 13th, Red and I were standing on the
corner of 2nd and Market streets.

"I'm sick of this," said Red.

"So am I," I said.

"Let's head out," said Red. "You haven't
done any good for your family for
two years. Neither have I. They'd be better
off without us. Come on: Did you ever
ride the rods?"

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"Don't ask me about that." I said, "I know what it is to see a bubble come over the top swinging a lantern and ask "What you riding on?"

"Yeah? I thought you were a weekly and trade journal editor."

"So what?"

"Nothing," said Red, "how much you got?"

"One buck."

"Will have a couple drinks on it and head for Oakland and catch a freight out from there. O.K.?"

"O.K." I said.

We had a few drinks and then went down to the Ferry building.

"How much you got now?" asked Red.

"Hell," I said, "I only got fifteen cents."

"Will have to make the nickle Henry," said Red.

I stalked up to an officer of the law (the law has never feazed me) and asked

Line about the Nickel Ferry.

"It's not running, buddy," he said, "but ask the newsboys. The two of you can get to Oakland for a dime or fifteen cents."

I went up to a newsboy. He was doing a land office business selling single commute tickets for a few cents. Where he got the tickets I didn't ask. Perhaps they came out of the same box they were dropped in.

"How much?" I asked.

"Fifteen cents a piece," he said.

"Nuts!" I said, "My pal and I have ten cents between us and we've got to get to Oakland."

"Here's your ten cents," he said.

I gave him the dime and he gave me two commute tickets on the Southern Pacific Ferry bound for Oakland - two commute tickets stamped March 13th, - Friday. A bad day, my friends, a bad day!

To those financial experts, analysts,
philosophers and "what have you", who are
trying to solve the problems of the depression
I tender with all due respects and the
utmost tenderness this little incident. You
was the great Southern Pacific Company
selling their passage at a fixed and an
exorbitant rate - and yet I could go to a
Jewsday and buy the same ticket for a
third the fixed rate. My! My! Drastic
the change that is my immediate brain
stopped us from somewhere that one of
the causes of the depression was the
boosting of rates and the lowering of
wages. But let us proceed, as my old
college Prof. would say, surely with
proceed and let the weather vane of
Time point the moral.

Red and I got into Oakland at
Seventh and Broadway streets. We

should have ridden on. But how
quickly the veneer of civilization or
society drops from a man when his on
the run. It was my suggestion that
we get off at Broadway because we might
be able to pick up a few dimes. Broad-
way and ninety-six was dark as a Methodist
Church on a Tuesday evening. The dance
shop lights were out, the lamps were out
except on the corners. Yet Broadway
was well populated. Bums stood in
doorways, bums stood on corners - walk
up the street a little and scrape your
feet and like rats in the bases the
heads of bums would pop out of dark
doorways.

"I'm hungry," said Red dauntily, "how
much you got?"

"Only a nickel," I said, "but we'll get
something."

"Not here," said Red, "there are too many snoopers."

"Wait till the next train," I said.

We went into the deserted station where the janitor was sweeping out.

"You can't sleep here, fellows," he said.

"Who is sleeping?" Red growled, "We're waiting for the train."

The train clanked over the car tracks on Washington and screeched to a stop. The doors slid open. People got off as people do from trains. I spotted a well dressed man in a gray suit. He wore eye glasses and looked rather sweet. But often the sweet looking gentlemen are the toughest to snoop. I followed him down dark Seventh Street towards Washington.

"Sir," I said, "I beg your pardon but may I speak with you a minute?"

He stopped. "You may," he said in a good beginning my teachers, a good

beginning.

"Sir," I said, "for years I have dreamed of coming back to Oakland, the home of my boyhood, the home of my youth - with my dreams filled with gold. I played in the little park at 7th and Washington & across from the old courthouse. may back in 1908. I rushed copy on the old Enquirer, I did the same on the Tribune down at 7th and Franklin. Frankie Burns, kid Parker, Mayor Mott knew me. So did the old Saddle Rock Restaurant and Purcell's Tavern. I went to the Lafayette school, the Emerson School, and later I graduated - "

"and when did you intend graduating?" he broke in staring me with a glittering eye.

There was red night at my elbow - the buggy. In that instant, my wonderful

a. all stares upon him had to look out for themselves. I decided to lose red.

"My friend," I answered patiently." must to law and high school. He graduated with high honors from U. C. He's an A. B. -"

"What is that- wild Bum?"

Yes, I am quicky the veneer, the covering of the ape shows off.

"Fellow" I snarled," I won't call you original but I will call you - facetious. surely in this and the place in this great city of oakland and considering that you are a very important fellow mortals in spied of a door yokel - I'd myself during mouth --"

"Nothing," he said," and as for me myself be surprised how high a position is to City government I occupy. As for you I must a good sunda-

mental reason why a man of your apparent intelligence -"

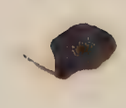
"Personally," I broke in, "I don't give a damn who you are. You're only wearing good clothes and have money in your pockets because you're a better yes-man than I am - not because you have more brains."

"There's an officer over on Washington Street," he said quietly.

"For God's sake," Red said, "Come on. I will get us arrested. Come on."

"Ok to hell with this guy," I shouted, "What do I care for him and getting arrested. I owe him the hug of all!"

As I look back on that entire moment I wonder. Does the world still believe that the cute belongs to the man who speaks the most correct English? Do the gods who rule our ethics - to the



detriment of our skin - so do because they are able to buy $1.00 suits out of the money saved from the taxpayers? No! No! I must not digress. on with the show.

Red dragged at my arm. "Come on! Come on!" he pleaded. "Get out of here. Panic copy!"

I went with him down Seventh toward Broadway - not because I was afraid of the cop but I knew from old it was better to be shot inside and free than inside and in a cell. Pretty!"

We walked up dark Broadway toward 14th street. Bums, bums, bums on every side. Many of them tried to mark us. Nuts! The streets were wet, the lights were out, the taxis were cursing. In the restaurant windows the waiters were piling up the chairs. The janitors

and sweeping out. A cop and my uncle his khaki collar and over his coat. I stopped him.

"How's chances going to the car for the night, Sunday?" I said.

"Too many out already. This morning. Better go down to the yards and get out as soon."

"O.K." I said and on we went.

"See, you're early," said Red. "I said "Yes, you're early."

Just 14th street past — to what used to be old McDonough theatre used to stand; down by Dale Merrit where I smiled boats as a kid and paddled canoes as a youth — Red and I trudged. We tried to thumb auto after auto but none stopped for us. It was dark — well after — being about 1:30 and we were cold and hungry and thirsty. down towards the flats of the Lake

we seemed the only humans on the road
but out about. As we neared we started
seeing them up. Many had blankets -
the majority had none. Some walked
alone - some were in groups of two or three.

"Why are you walking?" Ted asked
one.

"We same as you, fellow," he answered.
"Got kicked out of the yards after
missing a freight." We learned from
him the best step we could catch a
freight in Roseburg was towards and
that was a long walk.

One of the things that struck me most
forcibly and which I had seen from
experience is the utter callousness
shown by the average person to the decent
day wanderer. In the old days a tramp
was a tramp and tramps considered,
he could get a hand-out and that,
a piece of soap to wash himself, a

needle and thread to sew his clothes. I try to get any one now. Finding daily the straw on the street, pulled with the propaganda that national or local counties take care of everyone, stocks rally up at even the first sign of a touch. Perhaps it is because there are too many bums on the road. Yes, there number runs into the hundreds of thousands and they are really in-corpo-rat-ed now. Mentally, physically and morally they are far above the tramp of the last generation. I have ridden the rods with them, I have cooked my mulligan down in the gulches with them, I have been in prison with them. Give me and my ten a hundred dollars and a new suit of clothes and one could not tell them apart from the hundreds that walk our streets, work in our banks, manufacturing

thanks as stars. They certainly are the
real heroes of this man made depression.
The Salvation Army may give them a cup
of coffee and a week-old doughnut and
in a while that said from this they must
shift for themselves. And believe me the
hungry at this in a country most
heart has practical and most people
have little and enough to feed themselves.
This is clearly shown by the fact that
for a day it is very hard to get invited.
"This is especially true in small towns
where he may have to be fed one meal-
and that costs the town money. Miracle
of miracles, I have walked through
the streets of California towns, Stockton,
Stockton, Fresno in the small and
dangerous towns of the night and dared
the cops to arrest me. All I got was
the order to move on - or I was led
down to the yards and shown a freight
making up and ordered to get out of town.

There is another thing. No more do the
blacks come walking over the tops swing-
ing their lanterns shouting at each oth-
er "What you ridin' on?" There are too
many cars and you may find a moral
in that as you may not. When we were
reading and in Chaucer the days
when the Age of Poetry was thick as
Maui-stars with teeth. Some had blankets-
some had none; some wild tales some cool
drums. some played cards, some just sat
and watched; watched - but all watched
a thing. Making up that was headed
for Elsa, Nevada. In the gullies they
were cooking their mulligans - keeping
an eye peeled on that freight. White
men, negros, orientals - every race and
color were included in their make-up,
and I don't doubt that every industry
was represented in those hundreds that
rode the cars. Hundreds? Holy Cats.
When that freight engine gave the

high-ball, "toot-toot" - out of the
gullies, out of the huts like, out of the
hundred sides and tall grass they swarmed
and hist the bonnets of Egypt descended
on her straight. No one paid any atten-
tion to them and the only sight any of
them had was each section of his own
bird over a third spot. I have ridden in
an open gondola with a hundred men.
I have ridden the tops of a freight and
looking back over the moving train saw
hundreds like black statues in the
dawn light riding the tops. Oh - the
whole thing is mad! Bird them on and
keep them moving - that is the order of
the day.

in the face it seemed. So much for the

By
F. Tenney
November

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just at the wrong moment, this was the
last I saw of her for several years -

The Story of a forgotten man -

Part II -

- Montana -

By
F. Tenney
November

On choosing a suitable place to migrate to in Montana, Mother had the splendid idea of closing both eyes and then puting her finger down on the map - it came down on a place called "Hells half acre" or "Devils Gulch"; I don't quite place the exact name, anyway she cheated and picked a place about one inch over called "Paradise". We found later Devils Gulch was a better place than Paradise - that is - anyplace would have been better.

The train trip out was rather uneventful, however I remember glancing from the street car window on the way to the Depot and catching a fleeting glance of my girl with the freckled nose, she faded from sight blending in with the trees as my eyes seemed to blur just at the wrong moment, this was the last I saw of her for several years -

years filled with many adventures including the U.S. army during War time.

On arriving at Paradise the train blew two short blasts of the whistle and stoked. we looked for a town but could see nothing but two large hills, one on each side of the track - it began to rain. We picked up our luggage where the Porter had dumped it and made our way to a small wooden building around one of the hills, which proved to be a bus station. We caught the first bus thru for a place called Hot Springs where we put up at the Hotel, many cripples were there taking advantage of the springs, everything seemed to be most lonely and quiet, the hills seemed to shut their silence.

Some days later mother came across the information that a certain Polytechnic school in Billings would be in need of a music teacher for the following fall term some three months away. we went to Billings, mother walked three miles out toward the rim rocks ✓ to apply thru the mud

for the position - she was successful and after securing work for me at the school during the summer she returned to the east to sell our house and bring Grandmother back with her when she returned in the fall. this left me alone for the first time in my life, my duties consisted of working around the school farm.

The farm boss gave me a grey team of mares to care for and told me to report at the barn at five O'clock the next morning, I had no alarm clock, but by looking at my watch every few hours thru the night I was able to make just before five - after that I always awoke at just the right time. I was housed in a sort of wooden barracks where two or three other boys who worked thru the summer and went to school in the winter were kept. One of the boys was fat and jolly, about third grade moron, but was kind enough to help me find a set of springs for my bed from the junk heap. The other fellow I remember, (the others I don't remember.) was a degenerate

with a "hard luked" complex would steal anything small enough to carry without much effort, as he was lazy. He had gotten out of some reformatory in the east and was kept away from home by his folks - sort of remittance man on a small scale. His duty was to help the cook and when I would call for the kitchen slops to feed the pigs each day, he never forgot to ask me if I thought I would ever amount to much.- I really didn't know, and I still don't.

The work my grey team got each morning always seemed to be ~~something~~ where they were dragging something with no seat on it and I had to walk all day - this grieved me because the other teams were engaged in hauling rocks down from the rim rocks, as they were building new buildings at the school - large grey stone buildings and I wanted to drive one of the wagons and talk with the other teamsters, all were men who lived in town and came out to work each day. But it seemed I was

always walking behind my team jumping over clods in some lonely field where I could hear some sad sort of birds call to each other up in the rim rocks, it nearly drove me mad - that - and the lonely evenings - out watching the golden sunsets, and listening to crickets singing around the irrigation ditches.

A month went by and then pay day my first, I received sixty dollars besides my room and board - it was enough - I quit my job, and took a train for other parts. I wanted to look the state over before settling down to ranch - as that was my idea from the first - to ranch.

The train I was riding came to a halt one morning at about six o'clock just outside the city limits of Butte - the train crew ran ahead and as I came up I was just in time to see a small group of men standing on a bridge pulling up on a rope, at the lower end much to my horror was the dead and mutilated body of a little man clad only in a blood stained

night shirt - It was the body of Mr. Little, crippled leader of the I. W. W.'s of Butte, he had been dragged from bed the night before and escorted to the bridge by a band of angry citizens of Butte, mutilated with razors, then hung. I had been studying Christian Science and my faith of the god principal in man dropped several degrees.

On coming into Butte I seemed to find every-one rather "hard boiled" even the boot-blacks and waiters, but maybe I was mistaken, after all, Butte is a mining town and maybe it was just me that was soft - but that night there was a murder - two men in a bar - I was right, Butte is a hard town, I left.

The next place was Kalispell, where I stayed a few days looking for work and just about as I was ready to give up, I read a sign tacked on a pole asking for one hundred men to fight forest fires up at Whitefish falls - I signed up and was soon on my way.

There were several other men in the party that slipped from Kalispell and we arrived up in the big timber country at night. At that time I had not learned the gentle art of riding railroads without paying a fare and by the time my sixty dollars was nearly gone, just enough left to buy blankets and goggles, as we were to sleep out in the woods and had to have our own bed clothing, the goggles were to keep me from being blinded by the smoke while fighting the fires and proved most valuable.

We were met by a large truck and hauled out to the camp about miles out, getting there just in time to go on the twelve o'clock shift. The fires were raging and we were put to digging and cutting in fire breaks to head it off, or keep it from spreading over the trail we were making. It is needless to say that I was glad when the shift was over and we stumbled in for breakfast of biscuits and bacon.

The cook needed a "flunky" or helper and he picked me. this meant I got very little sleep, as the different crews were coming in and eating at all hours thru the day and night, and I never got my clothes off for seven nights - then, one night when I went to a swamp for water I made a miss step and found myself up to my neck in ice-cold water, and also in total darkness, as I was using a candle cut into a tin can for a lantern which got wet and went out when I fell. It seemed like I stood there for ages before some one found me and pulled me out. There was a cool breeze that night and I had to undress and crawl into my blankets while my clothes were partially dried by the camp fire - I enjoyed the rest - but didn't like puting on damp clothes in the early morning. The type of men at that camp were strange to me, and

Workers of the World. The men were hard, but they were also kind and I could not but learn to like them. For an example - two old fellows had a bottle of whisky one night and were sitting under a tree, I was under the same tree, they offered me a drink - I didn't drink at that time and told them so - they did not chide or belittle me as one would suppose - but only said I was welcome if I chose, but warned me if I once started it is a long long road and seldom has a turning - the way they looked spoke more than several sermons, and I don't suppose I ever would have touched liquor if it wasn't for the Prohibition era - when one wasn't considered polite unless one drank.

I used to listen to stories told at night and when some-one told about the way a bear kills a man by hugging him with his arms ~~and~~ while he scamps

nearly all proved to be sailors shipped out from the west coast - hundreds left the coast ~~shipped~~, at once to tie up the ships and make wages go higher. I heard the words, or letters rather - I.W.W. used quite frequently, and thought of Mr. Tittle's body swinging on the end of that rope - every so often meetings were held in the woods around camp fires, and loud cheers and yells were heard - I wondered - then one night I decided to find out, so I went to see what it was all about - yes, it was meetings of the I.W.W. and I was grabbed by the neck and I don't know what would have happened next if someone hadn't said - aw, let 'im go - make him promise to join and let him go. needless to say I promised very faithfully to join the very first time I ever went to Seattle - their headquarters - but I never expected to see Seattle - Hundreds of I.W.W.'s all in the woods, all in one place, I wondered what I.W.W. meant and was told - Industrial

of sleeping on the hard ground and eating nothing but biscuits and bacon, so I walked several miles out of the woods to the headquarters camp to get my final pay and transportation back to Kalispell. While waiting in the office I struck up a friendship with a young timekeeper, and he told me not to leave as he would get me a good job as chauffeur to the head ranger - which he did. I told him I had driven a car but never a model T ford, and the head ranger had a model T. I learned from the timekeeper how to do everything but stop it - that is I could stop it, but not without killing the engine, anyway I learned well enough to get the job without the head ranger knowing my shortcomings, as he could not run one either. The head ranger was a very fat old gentleman who had been appointed to his post by Pres. Theadore Roosevelt as a life job

out the lower portion of your stomick with his hind paws - there were bears in those woods, and big ones, I decided to move my bed closer to the fire. The cook began to bore me around quite badly, and I wondered if these men practiced what they preached - so I told them about the cook - sure enough - that very night I heard yells and woke up just in time to see the cook running thru the woods midst a shower of his own hard biscuits, fortunately none of them hit him - he never came back - we had a new cook in the morning and a good one - What-ever these men might be or believe, I found they stuck together, and were sincere in what they believed.

The particular war that we were fighting was by this time fairly well subdued and we were about to be transfered over to a new one, we were given a pay day - I decided that I had had enough of

I still refused. Before going back to Billings to enter school, I recall one dark night when I had just begun driving the Model T. The head ranger and I came dashing around a curve in the road cut thru deep timber, and it was very dark and wild when all of a sudden our engine stoped, the lights went out, as was the custom before batteries were put in Fords, and the head ranger and I were sitting in the darkness with a loud shrill cry of timber wolves or Coyotes on all sides, in timber like that even one cry echos like dozens - anyway, it was my first test as a mechanic, I was supposed to know all about cars and there was nothing for me to do but get out and fix it, without a light - the head ranger didn't like to be detained and especially right at that time and place - fortunately I found a loose wire, and after hooking it up we were off - but I was close to losing my job right there.

as he had been one of "Teddies" rough riders in the old days. He was a good old scout, but was inclined to be a bit fussy as to why the engine should always die when we came to a stop. I used to drive him about to the various camps to see how the tires were progressing etc and life looked much better, the headquarters camp was a veritable one man kingdom ruled by the head ranger. It was composed of log huts, the rangers being in the center and fenced, we had real beds to sleep on and ham eggs and canned peaches instead of bacon & biscuits. I would have stayed on here longer but it was now turning fall and I wished to return to Billings and attend school where mother was teaching - to make it more sad at parting, I was offered ninety dollars a month and my board and room if I would stay on thru the winter with an inside job as office man.

arriving in Billings I proceeded out to the school where I was met by mother and grandmother. This time I was given a nice steam heated room in the boy's dormitory, and not having to follow any more horses around, looked forward to a very pleasant season of study and football - or shall I say football and study; I took up French, music, art and Psychology - just enough credits to entitle me to play football - pointing I made the team, which I did - back field - right half-back. My room mate was a delightful chap, polished and refined, only wanted the windows closed at night - while I wanted them open, this caused a slight strain, as we were forced to keep getting up then the night to raise and lower them. I also met a charming girl - which brought another change in my life, of which I will write next.

On the way back to Billings nothing of any importance happened - only another murder in Butte, the night I went thru. This time it was done by a woman, shot a man back in some alley - I decided not to stop off at Butte anymore - just pass quickly by. I still wondered what Mr. Little had done to make the people of Butte so angry at him, but then I remembered some of my history, and knew that Socrates had the Athenians rather provoked at him also - could it be they had some of the same philosophy?

in the face it seemed. So much for the girl at present - We will go back now to the little grandmother that was dressed in black that hot summer afternoon back at the old house where I was born, and the mother who was also there - the mother now was wearing black herself, as my stepfather had passed away in the meanwhile. So, as I lay at night thinking of leaving home, my thoughts turned to these gentle people who had watched over me so carefully - and I could not leave them. Our finances were beginning to get in bad shape again, as no means of a living-hood remained after ~~my~~ the Doctors death, and I had just finished school - It was time to move - all of us - So we sold the house at a sacrifice, and went out west to Montana - bag and baggage.

plays with a mouse - she coolly & calmly waited her chance - revenge is sweet, and she was not to be cheated. The daters grew further apart, she went with other fellows - several - and I was fast reaching the point where desperation was driving me mad. The climax came one rainy night, we were standing under an umbrella, we were getting wet, I proposed marriage - what a romantic time, why are men such fools? The time was ripe for her, she let the ax fall, and I went home to a sleepless night - many sleepless nights followed - I made up my mind to leave home at once - join the Navy, Army, anything - but get away from that town I must - every stone in the grey pavements came up and struck me

church where she played the organ on sunday evenings - just to be near her, but on the evenings I came, she would always disapear. I dreamed about her, but always she would vanish, even from my dreams - I was a doomed man, doomed to utter lonelyness forever - at least it seemed that way to me then. I was about nineteen years old then, while she was sixteen. I used to walk by her house nights, and try to see her thru the front windows, or see if she had another fellow, but she never had - not since she had first gone with me - six years back. Then when things seemed the blackest, she came back to me. I was dazed, a few short weeks of utter happiness, and then, as a cat

about to leave the large study hall, jumping up as the bell rang ending the period, and found I was looking into the face of a girl who had also jumped up. The room seemed to swim about, the other half of my soul returned, I was whole again - I was looking into the eyes of Mabel, for that was her name.

As the days passed I should have felt good - knowing that my future happiness rested with this girl - but I didnt - because she would not forgive, would not let me near her - she must have been deeply hurt, more deeply hurt than I had immagined. I was miserable, life without her was a blank - and with her it could not be - she always refused to be near me. I went back to the little

all thru grammer school - even getting better and richer in friendship, if such a thing were possible — then - one day - I forgot her - forgot her as completely as if she had never existed - explain that if you can - I cant, I have tried to for many years. — Maybe it was because my father was like that. anyway it happened. I got into high school one year ahead of her - because I had made up a year thru summer study, so maybe it was the glamour of the high school girls - either I can remember none in particular and all in general. anyway, ~~th~~ thru four years of high, I never as much as thought of her once. Then - one afternoon on the last part of my ~~term~~ last year in school, I was

whence they came, and worship her from afar. Up to that time I never did care for school - but now it was different. I dreaded the Christmas vacation and started to comb my hair. We never came to speaking terms until the following summer vacation, then, by a queer turn of fate - she moved to our neighborhood - joined the same sunday school - at last - life was beautiful, the sun shown more brightly, the trees looked more green - life had a meaning. As time went on I gave her a little yellow stoned ring - yellow - because it reminded me of the sunshine around her - even on rainy days. Things went along this way

at grammer school, I met a little girl with ~~bad~~ black hair, dark brown ~~eyes~~ eyes, and large freckles on her nose, right between the eyes - I mention the freckles because to this day I admire freckles - but only in that particular place. At first she did not seem to care much for me, and as I would sit watching her at her little desk at school - instead of studing my lesson, I must have had a dying calf expression because, she would turn - (she sat several seats ahead,) and make faces at me. not a very good beginning for a romance - and it was doomed to a still more tearful ending.

I used to put little valentines in her desk without her knowing from

On moving into the Doctor's home, I found new playmates - playmates that remained life long friends - excepting the one that cheated me of all worth while in life - let us call him Paul. Paul was my first friend in that neighborhood, and we raised chickens together as partners out in his barn, later we played in the high school orchestra, also we started a small dance orchestra together as we grew older. Played in the same National Guard band, and were finally seperated by the world war - but so were all of us - Bienne was killed as an aviator, and some of the others moved to other parts of the country to live. - including myself. But going back - I am always jumping ahead. When I was in the fifth grade

some day be mine - He kept his promise but it took nearly thirty years, as at his death when the will was read, it was found that the servants got three thousand dollars each, my Aunt the bulk of the estate, and I got the watch. A good one by the way, valued at one hundred dollars, all in white hammered gold, very thin model; it is now resting in one of the least pawn shops in a far western city. Once he called at a track meet where I was racing while in high school, some one told me just before the start of the mile run, I became nervous, lost the race. I came back and won the half mile race - but he had gone - disapointed I suppose, at my having lost - I will never know. It was not until I was twenty nine that I saw him again, one cold winter night at the Chicago athletic club on Michigan Drive - of this I will speak later. - Back to my story -

Shortly after divorce. ~~at~~ the time of my birth he was away on a trip thru the south, and on writing home about some clean shirts he had forgotten to take with him, and which he described at great length, he happened to remember that he had become a father while away and added a post script in the far corner asking if I were a boy or a girl. So much for the father, I do not remember him, or remember seeing him again until I was around ~~twelve~~ seven years old - and then by accident, as we were both in the same store one day and someone told him that I was his son - He gave me an ice cream soda - told me to have one anytime I felt like it and charge it to him - which I did. He also showed me a picture of a very thin model Elgin watch which he had in his catalog, and promised that it would

again - as my mother had married a Doctor that had been courting her for some time, and we went to a better part of town to live. Let us say a word about the real father before going on with our story. He had been a gay young traveling salesman and there were the days when traveling salesmen were given money to spend, in order to encourage buying among the thrifty, or shall we say "close fisted" populace. This particular salesman was a good spender, but even so, he rose to be the third partner of his firm - a large wholesale jewelry house in Chicago. He and my mother were two types that should never have met - let alone marry, and in two years there was a

mother, grandmother and boy.

The time spent in Chicago only leaves dim memories of dark streets, elevated trains, noise and dust. After a year or so we found ourselves back in the old home town, let us call it Ginsing for short, where we lived with an uncle in the upstairs part of a brick flat - There were happy days for the boys - in other words, these were happy days for me - or I am the boy. There was a large vacant lot next door and all of the "kids" in the neighborhood used to come out to play in the evenings - I still recall as the out standing events - seeing golden sunsets, and eating soda crackers. I entered school and soon we moved

the most severe ever before or since, for that part of the county - the cattle piled up in the fence corners and died by the thousands — not only was all of his money lost - but that of all of his friends, of whom he had persuaded to invest with him. The old home on the corner and a few other small pieces of property were all mortgaged heavily — worry, drink, and then came death. So, on that hot summer after-noon when the body was laid to rest, there wasn't much left - men came to measure off the yard before taking the house, and the little boy with the wagon didn't pick anymore flowers - The family moved, moved to the big city of chicago, where the mother of the little boy taught music lessons and held life together for the three-

949

Forest P. Tenney

Oct. 22ND '34

The life story of a "forgotten" man - James Jones

Thirty seven years ago, namely 1897 in the spring, a new born baby took a look at life - then wailed. It was in a small mid-western town of about thirty thousand souls, near the city of Chicago that this story begins - it ends - where? the story still runs on. Anyway thirty seven years is a stat, and much has happened, many miles have been covered but still the story runs on.

Back to our story - In time the wailing grew less frequent and for a time life was really enjoyed by this infant, he learned to walk, talk and pick flowers, which he hauled about the yard with his little red wagon, he even

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The Story of a Forgotten Man -

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My first glimpse of her occurred at the railway station one night, as I was put on a reception committee to meet the incoming students. She was dark, well-built, beautiful - in fact an exact contrast of my girl with the freckled nose - only she had no freckles - little did I know how really different they were inside - she was not a little church girl, but rather a wild thing of the mountains - something that looked untamed - and was. She

thought every real man should smoke, drink, and chew tobacco, as I was lacking in all of these arts, I allowed her to teach me - chewing was the hardest to master, and as she couldn't help me, I had to struggle along myself. Life at the school was scrimping along by now and I was soon promoted to the rank of Captain, as we had military training at the school. I was now twenty years of age and as the United States had entered the world war I was beginning to think I might be able to use some of my training - whether

I wanted to or not - as a rule I am a man of peace. Our football team was traveling about the state playing different schools - we were badly defeated by the Butte team, it was a fairly clean game - that is - considering - one of the customs of Montana football players is to gang up on the leading player of the opposing team and lay him out first - then pick the next best, etc on down the line. I, for my share recieved water on the left knee, which laid me up for two months, going about with the aid of a cane - but then

as it was the last game of the season, I didn't mind so much, only it kept me from making the basket ball team. We had two different coaches that year, with widely differing ideas - the first taught to play fair whether we lost or not, and as we didn't win very much, there was a change made and we got one who taught, breaks training all you want - smoke, drink, do what you want - only win, this made a decidedly different result in our playing - we began to win. He was nicknamed "Breezy" and

had been one of Montana's leading fullbacks at the State College. He never got to coach the basket ball team owing to the fact that he attended a school dance while intoxicated and was discharged. I saw him some twelve years later here in Oakland, he had a wife and little red nosed baby, and as I was then selling insurance, he wished to take out a five thousand dollar policy - our company must have looked up his reputation in Montana, because his policy was turned down without even having had a physical examination. He had

completely changed during those twelve years and thought only of the welfare of his wife and child - quite unlike the Breezy of old. One day I called and he had lost his job, I have never seen him again. One of the other boys on that team we had, goes about the streets of Billings in a wheel chair, having a broken back - he had joined the fire department after the war, and was thrown into a telegraph pole, from one of the trucks. One of the others committed suicide, the rest I have lost track of. Enough for football and the school, Xmas was coming and I was

invited to spend the holidays at my girl friend's father's ranch out on the Crow Indian reservation. We were met at the station of the little town of Wyola, Montana by a tall thin young man which proved to be her brother, let us call him John. He was riding a gaunt white horse, and wore a large ten gallon hat, in his hands were the reins of two other rather wind swept horses which we were to ride - I mean the girl and I, her nickname was Kay. We rode some sixteen miles across snow covered hills and

treeless plains, and after an seemingly endless time finally reached their ranch, a large place with a mountain creek running by it. As we neared the house her folks must have been looking thru the windows as they began to gather on the front porch awaiting us - we waved and just as I was getting ready to dismount, putting on my best and most pleasant smile, my horse suddenly threw me high into the air, and I came crashing down on the ice of the creek some fifteen feet away - this gave me

a rousing but rather informal welcome. I often wonder if that horse was properly trained. Kay's mother was a buxom woman, very discontented with the rough work of ranching, and was hopeful in having her daughters marry well and move to the city - she had three daughters and two sons, ranging in years from seven to twenty. The father was a little henpecked man, round shouldered from milking cows and pitching hay.

It gets very cold in Montana

at times, and my visit was dur-
ing one of these times - when
I awoke after my first night there
I spent considerable time during
the early morning hours trying
to decide whether to get up and
freeze, or lie in bed and starve,
after a time I decided on the former,
and after cracking the ice off of
the wash basin, decided not to
wash until spring. I scraped some
of the frost from the glass on the
dresser mirror and discovered to
my horror that my beard had grown

quite long - I wondered why it didn't
keep me ~~more~~ warm. After putting
on three or more wool football sweaters
I finally found my way down to
the kitchen stove where a roaring
fire was going. I carried my shoes
with me because my hands were
so blue and numb from the cold
that I was unable to put them on
before warming up a bit. There
is something about that severe
cold, and it was severe, about
forty-eight below zero, that makes
one feel so unimportant and helpless,

especially at night while riding
out under the stars, one wonders
how any life can exist at all,
you feel sort of out in space with
the stars. If you close your eyes
they keep shut - if you leave them
open, they hunt - you feel like taking
a long walk, but know that if you
do, you may awaken in a brighter
world - or minus an arm or leg on
some operating table, this gives one
a perpetual problem of whether to live
or die - one doesn't seem any more
promising than the other, but one
hangs on to life for some reason

and your aptitude increases with your desire to life until it becomes a routine of eating, sleeping, and sneezing. How it seems that Kay's brother when he found out that I had ten thousand dollars which I could borrow from my mother, from the sale of our home back east, became quite interested and made me an attractive offer to go into the cattle business with him, as he was just starting out in life on his own. A large cattle outfit called the "XK" (cross Kay) had more calves that winter than they had

hay to feed, so we were able to purchase quite a bunch of their yearling heafers, at thirty-two dollars per. head. John's father going in with us on the deal. He also helped us by selling me two saddle horses and all his extra hay, and leased us a team and sled with which to feed ~~with~~, as ranchers in that part of the country feed their cattle by pitching hay from a sled, getting up at about four A.M. so the stock will get to moving about and keep from freezing. After the Xmas holidays, Kay returned to school ~~and~~ but I stayed on with the vague hope of some

day making a home for her from the money I would make from my cattle - but this was not to be.

John and I moved into a tent, as he wanted to be independent of his father as much as possible - this arrangement didn't help to keep me any more warm - I thought of my steam heated room at school, and shuddered. When we lighted our tin stove at night the ice melted into slush and was ice again by morning. Well, this went on for a time and then I guess John was taken over by a get rich quick idea - anyway, he offered

to buy my calves at a very reduced
price, I refused. Then he refused to
sell me any more hay - I learned
my first lesson in finance - it runs
like this - "Each animal feeds upon
some other animal, and man feeds
upon all, his fellow man included".
I offered to take my calves, goodness
knows where, but luck was with me,
we could not brand until it got warm
weather, and as our cattle were not
as yet divided, but all bearing the
same original brand, we had to
leave them together - this gave me
a chance - a little time to find a
place for them; I did not know how
long because in that country they

have what is known as a "chinook wind" which may blow up over night and melt all of the snow bringing synthetic spring weather. I had made some friends among the XK riders and one of them helped me out. I was able to rent a hundred and sixty acre homestead all fenced and better yet having several straw stacks on it, from an old sheep herder called Swede Osher. It was impossible to buy any hay that time of year, straw being my only chance - I put them thru the winter on straw. Now I was all alone except for my saddle horses, so I learned to cook, play a mouth hark, and sleep with one ear always awake. One cold

afternoon when I rode into Wyola for some supplies, I rec'd a letter from Kay, I had not heard from her for a very long time, I was so pleased, that I decided not to open it until I got back home that evening and read it while sitting by my camp fire. I rode the long sixteen miles back over the foothills toward the big horn mountains, ~~carrying~~ packing my supplies in a gunny sack back of the saddle. It was snowing, soft big white flakes, a sad grave yard sort of snow - but I was happy - didn't I have my letter? I held it tightly and tried to guess all of the endearing things she would have to say.

That evening after I had eaten my pancakes and washed my wash-basin in the creek, I drew a long breath and opened the letter - it read -

"Dear Forest;- I thought I loved you, but I was mistaken, there is some-one else - Oh! she is wonderful, so handsome, I met him at the senior "Prom". good-by, "Kay. —

Dazed, I heard myself mutter some-thing about good-by, and wandered out into the snow, it was still falling, it was night, but everything looked white and still, it wasn't pretty any-more, it looked — dead. The months dragged by till spring, I was lonely during those months, especially during the evenings. I still had no

summer pasture for my calves. An idea came to me - why not leave everything and join the army, I was twenty-one now - but what of my mother - and my calves? I couldn't sell before fall - they were thin from the straw, and it would take the summer pasture to make them fat for marketing. I decided to wait, in time I was fortunate in being able to go in with two ranchers and rent a place way up in the mountains - fall found them nice and fat, worth some sixty dollars per head. I had been placed in class "C" by the local draft board because of my widowed mother and grandmother. I sold my stock and outfit and went to the draft board to ask if I might

go into the service anyway - I was accepted - involuntary induction I believe they called it. Soon I was on my way to Camp Lewis Washington with permission to stop off at San Francisco and get my folks placed before continuing on. In my next chapter I will tell of my experiences during the war in the United States Army -

THE STORY OF A FORGOTTEN MAN

Part Four

THE ARMY

Ah! At last I was on my way to the Army--Uncle Sam's Army--the greatest and best paid army in the world, how happy I was, had not picture of Uncle Sam with his finger pointed at me startled me at every turn? Even my girl had as much as suggested my being "yellow", but I would show them all, I was on my way now and the war was raging at its highest pitch. It was fall, the fall of 1918. I thought of another winter in my mountain tent. The Army would be a school boy's vacation alongside of that.

Only one thing grieved me--the faces of my mother and grandmother--how white they were, but then they were both ill. Mother with a crippled knee, and grandmother from old age, I guess. I wondered if she should live until my return--and then again I wondered if I ever would return. I do not believe in luck, neither am I a fatalist, in other words, "if one steps aside fast enough, one may prevent what might other-wise have been an untimely end".

Upon returning to the school to join my mother and grandmother after my leaving left the ranch, I told my former school-mates where I was going, and one of them made a remark that at that time I could not understand----quote, "you will soon be scratching straw with the rest of the chickens"---I wondered, however I was soon to find out.

It seems we were fighting this war to rid the world of a certain bunch of Demons, called Germans, or "Thuns" who cut the breasts off of innocent women, murdured children, and did many other terrible things which made the world unsafe for Democracy. I could never understand why they had "golt mit unus" engraved on their belt buckles, unless they were trying to hide behind god--as the Devil usually does.

Their leader, the so-called Kaisen must surely be Satan himself, and I firmly resolved to bring him back to the U.S.A. on the end of a rope. As all of the other cowboys had so bravely planned on doing, and then after his death, the war would be over. All happiness and prosperity, and safe for Democracy forever. But this was not to be---the cowpunchers are dead, but the Kaiser lives on--prosperity came, but turned out to be more of a dream than a reality--but of course we guessed right, in one sense,---aren't we all happy? and then, the world is still safe for Democracy, and we have a Democrat in our highest office at last. So we weren't all wrong.

I was missing my white sugar and flour and as I was told, the boys in the Army were getting all of it, I looked forward with pleasure---but wrong again---none at camp. Only the boys in the trenches got white sugar and flour. Later I found that the boys in the trenches were lucky if they even got brown sugar. I have always wondered what happened to all of the white sugar and flour? Maybe it was sent to China to check a famine.

The train ride from Montana to San Francisco was uneventful only that grandmother was ailing so, and we had just gone through the unpleasant experience of selling most of the furniture we loved so dearly, at cut rate prices---about ten cents on the dollar. Rather than move it, on reaching the Bay District I saw my folks sent a small cottage in a good section of Berkeley, and after kissing them good-by I was off for San Francisco where I had to report at local board #13 and was assigned to the thirteenth Division at Camp Lewis, Washington.

From then on the number 13 followed me like a stray black cat. All of the munitions crates were inscribed with a yellow 13 marked in chalk. But then I was not superstion, and after all, here I am, and all together too.

It seems the 91st Division had just left for over seas, all handy cowpunchers from the West, and the officers at camp had had considerable difficulty in handling them, but our outfit, the 13th, they were waiting for us, and knew just what to do. We were composed of riff-raff and scum from the alleys, and slums of San Francisco, who had avoided the earlier drafts, and had much the same high standards of moral as the average bunch of sewer rats. Anyway, the troop train was crowded and our ragged cargo of misfits landed at camp Lewis.

In my first redollections of Army life were harsh "stick out yer tongue"---"Wipe that smile off your face"---"stick out your chest"---"yes sir!"----"Thank you sir!" etc., etc. We were given--shall I say uniforms?--everyone was given a

wrong size, and were allowed to trade, until we finally could wear them. The tails of the coats I remember, stuck out like a duck waddling to water. I got all traded but my shoes. I wore a size nine and was given a size fourteen. I tried to tell them, but was told not to talk back to my superiors. Eventually I found a giant trying to war a size ten shoe, and so I was saved. Our heads were next shaved, all but an inch right in the front. Kaiser Bill style, to prevent us from contacting influenza germs or something, and we were sent to the barrcks of the Depot Brigade where we were to remain two weeks for preliminary training, but measles broke out among us, and we were put in quarentine for two months. Every time we got over a case a new one started.

Quarantine in the army does not keep you from drill or work, but merely means you are confined to the barracks after drill and can't have the liberty of the camp at night,---if you call walking about the camp---liberty.

At an early hour each morning we would hear a bugle blow, rush out, dressing in the rain, waiting for roll call,--after this we would rush back and wash for breakfast. I will not dwell on the food, but I had been used to pretty tough fare in Montana batching,--even so,--it took two or three days before I could eat Army food. I later found that the Depot Brigades held ut on the rookies food and then after their transfer, the "non-coms" had splendid food until the next batch arrived. I still dislike carrots, salt-peter, and mush.

The climate of Washington during the winter, has the habit

of raining every five or ten minutes, turning quite cold in between rains. The orders were to move our bunks out while not raining and bring them in again when itdid, in this way we got exercise while resting around the barracks. Each man made two trips per rain, as he had to help his buddy carry his bed,--and I was on the top floor.

Drill progressed splendidly, and we were soon able to walk like a non-thinking machine, our officers having all of the heavy responsibility. All we needed to know was left from right, and those of us that didn't, formed the awkward squad. Well, time went on, and finally the quarantine was lifted and after our intelligence tests we were transferred to our regular companies.

I was placed in the Ordnance Detachment P.S. and T. Namely, Post, Storage and Transportation and was assigned to warehouse work, which consisted of moving heavy boxes of hand guenader, etc., all marked with the yellow thirteen, from one side of the ware house to the other. Each morning we would move a large pile, sweep under it, and in the after-noon, move them back, and we had lots of help. Five or ten men per each three pounds of weight, so we didn't mind.

The nights in the barracks were hidious for a home loving man desiring the solitude of the plains and mountains, but marvelous for pool hall loafer, black-jack fiends, and "crap" shooters. I forgot to mention that our drill also taught us to shout loudly while twisting a bayonet in a stuffed gunny

sack, in fact two gunny sacks, one down, the other hanging, we were supposed to cut the jugular vein of the one down--, no, I believe it was the one up,--anyway, I learned to kill, and not merely game to eat, like in Montana, but men, if not real men, that would come later.

One morning while out policing the grounds--that means, picing up cigarette butts and dead matches. I thought I was beginning to understand--"scratching straw with the rest of the chickens"--we were couped up, scratching forrubbish, and on our way to be slaughtered.

About this time I was able to get leave of absence for over the week end, the first since coming to camp, and as my "Buddies" were planning on making it Seattle, I decided to go with them. I was very excited, as I had been at camp about four months straight and felt like a man about to walk out of Sing Sing prison. Remember, I was in for the duration of the war, and that is rather indefinite, and might mean for life.

I quite forgot my promise of the north woods--that was-- to join the I.W.W. on my first trip to Seattle. However, I was no longer a free man, but a soldier, or number,--so I forgive myself. On the way to the bus station it began to rain, we stood in line, many of us. There were thirty thousand men in our division, and it looked like they were all going to try to get to Seattle on the same bus. After standing for some time shivering in the muddy line-up I discovered I was no nearer to catching a bus than I was when I first started to wait. The busses were coming up fast enough, but

the line of privates, or common soldiers, in which I was standing failed to move, but was growing larger rather than smaller then I looked behind me and saw the troubles. In a nice warm waiting room out of therain sat a group of commissioned officers,--I thought--how nice and dry, I will go over myself,--but--on the door a sign read--"commissioned officers only", I saw it clearly now--everytime a bus drove up, the officers came out and filled it, the common soldiers in my line calmly waiting,--but by the time the next bus arrived, more officers had also arrived, and so on for hours,--the rain grew worse.

Now, I was young and stupid at the time, so I can be excused for thinking, and I did think--I was thinking of what we were supposed to be fighting for---Democracy----a fair and equal chance for all men--I wondered--was the Kaiser too fighting for Democracy? or were we just playing his rules and calling it something else? The following Sunday morning I found myself in church with only ten cents left of my money after buying my return ticket. The question came--"should I use this dime for a big sunday dinner, or should I put it in the collection plate?" I put it in the collection plate, and after the service turned to go, expecting to stand around the lonely streets of a strange city till evening.

But no,--I was stopped by a kind faced old lady and invited to come to her house for dinner. I went, and had my first taste of home life in four months. I never knew why she should pick me, there were many other soldiers around me in that church. I don't believe in luck.

On arriving back at camp, I found my bunk had been moved, the head now faced the open window. I learned that these were new orders---all windows must be open, all heads kept shaved, and beds so arranged that the foot of one is opposite the head of its neighbor. Dr.'s orders, as the Spanish influenza was now rife and sickness must be kept to a minimmm at all costs.

That night it rained on my newly shaved head, and a severe draft came through the window. I asked permission to move, or change bunks, my request was not granted, and so, two days or so later I got my first taste of an army hospital. I think some slight mistake was made in my case, as I found myself in a ward where every body else was getting ready to depart and were so nearly well that they were noisy. Maybe my fever hadn't registered high enough on my arrival, if not, it made up for it later. It turned into pneumonia. I laid for many days, not knowing day from night or caring. When I breathed, the air smelt like roast pork burning. My nose had bled and matted in my whiskers. I called for an orderly--none came--I guess I only though I called, my voice was very weak. I later found they were playing dice. I needed a bed pan.

I remembered my Christian Science, and staggered from my bed weak and haggered, down the stairs and out into the rain. When they found me, I was placed in another ward, and received

better care. Where I was now placed, I could see from time to time a white screen placed around certain beds,--the boys were dying.

One evening I heard a lot of bells ringing, also tin cans, and crys. I learned the Armistic had been signed, of course I didn't believe it, and I was right, it was a false alarm. However the following day the Armistic was signed, and the war was over.

I presume by this time, my dear reader, that you have come to the conclusion that I do not care much for army life, and quite right you are. I imagine there are many ex-soldiers who have lost arms or legs that would speak better of it, but maybe I am lacking in my sense of loyality, or maybe I don't control any munitions stocks, there must be some reason. It has been written "Religion is the velvet glove that covers the steel fist of government"---in the army that velvet glove is removed.

Two months after the Armistic was signed still found us at camp Lewis, as the Tacoma Merchants desired our monthly pay as long as possible, but finally, California demanded the return of her boys, and we were sent to the Presidio at San Francisco for discharge. If we ever engage in another war, I hope I find myself engaged in the manufacture of paper soled shoes for the boys, and able to stand on the side lines and wave the flag as they march by--then I can feel as other honorable and patriotic citizen must feel---having done my

bit, and worthy of respect--even if only a dollar a year man.

In my next chapter, I will tell of my home coming, my efforts to secure work, my trip across country by freight train--of travelling with a circus--of seeing my father for the first time after many years, and how I came to get in the Navy.

F. T-nney

THE STORY OF A FORGOTTEN MAN

Part Four

THE ARMY

Ah! At last I was on my way to the Army--Uncle Sam's Army--the greatest and best paid army in the world, how happy I was, had not picture of Uncle Sam with his finger pointed at me startled me at every turn? Even my girl had as much as suggested my being "yellow", but I would show them all, I was on my way now and the war was raging at its highest pitch. It was fall, the fall of 1918. I thought of another winter in my mountain tent. The Army would be a school boy's vacation alongside of that.

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In my first recollections of Army life were harsh "stick out yer tongue"---"Wipe that smile off your face"---"stick out your chest"---"yes sir!"----"Thank you sir!" etc., etc. We were given--shall I say uniforms?--everyone was given a

wrong size, and were allowed to trade, until we finally could wear them. The tails of the coats I remember, stuck out like a duck waddling to water. I got all traded but my shoes. I wore a size nine and was given a size fourteen. I tried to tell them, but was told not to talk back to my superiors. Eventually I found a giant trying to war a size ten shoe, and so I was saved. Our heads were next shaved, all but an inch right in the front. Kaiser Bill style, to prevent us from contacting influenza germs or something, and we were sent to the barrcks of the Depot Brigade where we were to remain two weeks for preliminary training, but measles broke out among us, and we were put in quarentine for two months. Every time we got over a case a new one started.

Quarantine in the army does not keep you from drill or work, but merely means you are confined to the barracks after drill and can't have the liberty of the camp at night,---if you call walking about the camp---liberty.

At an early hour each morning we would hear a bugle blow, rush out, dressing in the rain, waiting for roll call,--after this we would rush back and wash for breakfast. I will not dwell on the food, but I had been used to pretty tough fare in Montana batching,--even so,--it took two or three days before I could eat Army food. I later found that the Depot Brigades held ut on the rookies food and then after their transfer, the "non-coms" had splendid food until the next batch arrived. I still dislike carrots, salt-peter, and mush.

The climate of Washington during the winter, has the habit

of raining every five or ten minutes, turning quite cold in between rains. The orders were to move our bunks out while not raining and bring them in again when itdid, in this way we got exercise while resting around the barracks. Each man made two trips per rain, as he had to help his buddy carry his bed,--and I was on the top floor.

Drill progressed splendidly, and we were soon able to walk like a non-thinking machine, our officers having all of the heavy responsibility. All we needed to know was left from right, and those of us that didn't, formed the awkward squad. Well, time went on, and finally the quarantine was lifted and after our intelligence tests we were transferred to our regular companies.

I was placed in the Ordnance Detachment P.S. and T. Namely, Post, Storage and Transportation and was assigned to warehouse work, which consisted of moving heavy boxes of hand gquenader, etc., all marked with the yellow thirteen, from one side of the ware house to the other. Each morning we would move a large pile, sweep under it, and in the after-noon, move them back, and we had lots of help. Five or ten men per each three pounds of weight, so we didn't mind.

The nights in the barracks were hidious for a home loving man desiring the solitude of the plains and mountains, but marvelous for pool hall loafer, black-jack fiends, and "crap" shooters. I forgot to mention that our drill also taught us to shout loudly while twisting a bayonet in a stuffed gunny

sack, in fact two gunny sacks, one down, the other hanging, we were supposed to cut the jugular vein of the one down--, no, I believe it was the one up,--anyway, I learned to kill, and not merely game to eat, like in Montana, but men, if not real men, that would come later.

One morning while out policing the grounds--that means, picing up cigarette butts and dead matches. I thought I was beginning to understand--"scratching straw with the rest of the chickens"--we were couped up, scratching forrubbish, and on our way to be slaughtered.

About this time I was able to get leave of absence for over the week end, the first since coming to camp, and as my "Buddies" were planning on making it Seattle, I decided to go with them. I was very excited, as I had been at camp about four months straight and felt like a man about to walk out of Sing Sing prison. Remember, I was in for the duration of the war, and that is rather indefinite, and might mean for life.

I quite forgot my promise of the north woods--that was-- to join the I.W.W. on my first trip to Seattle. However, I was no longer a free man, but a soldier, or number,--so I forgive myself. On the way to the bus station it began to rain, we stood in line, many of us. There were thirty thousand men in our division, and it looked like they were all going to try to get to Seattle on the same bus. After standing for some time shivering in the muddy line-up I discovered I was no nearer to catching a bus than I was when I first started to wait. The busses were coming up fast enough, but

the line of privates, or common soldiers, in which I was standing failed to move, but was growing larger rather than smaller then I looked behind me and saw the troubles. In a nice warm waiting room out of therain sat a group of commissioned officers,--I thought--how nice and dry, I will go over myself,--but--on the door a sign read--"commissioned officers only", I saw it clearly now--everytime a bus drove up, the officers came out and filled it, the common soldiers in my line calmly waiting,--but by the time the next bus arrived, more officers had also arrived, and so on for hours,--the rain grew worse.

Now, I was young and stupid at the time, so I can be excused for thinking, and I did think--I was thinking of what we were supposed to be fighting for---Democracy----a fair and equal chance for all men--I wondered--was the Kaiser too fighting for Democracy? or were we just playing his rules and calling it something else? The following Sunday morning I found myself in church with only ten cents left of my money after buying my return ticket. The question came--"should I use this dime for a big sunday dinner, or should I put it in the collection plate?" I put it in the collection plate, and after the service turned to go, expecting to stand around the lonely streets of a strange city till evening.

But no,--I was stopped by a kind faced old lady and invited to come to her house for dinner. I went, and had my first taste of home life in four months. I never knew why she should pick me, there were many other soldiers around me in that church. I don't believe in luck.

On arriving back at camp, I found my bunk had been moved, the head now faced the open window. I learned that these were new orders---all windows must be open, all heads kept shaved, and beds so arranged that the foot of one is opposite the head of its neighbor. Dr.'s orders, as the Spanish influenza was now rife and sickness must be kept to a minimum at all costs.

That night it rained on my newly shaved head, and a severe draft came through the window. I asked permission to move, or change bunks, my request was not granted, and so, two days or so later I got my first taste of an army hospital. I think some slight mistake was made in my case, as I found myself in a ward where every body else was getting ready to depart and were so nearly well that they were noisy. Maybe my fever hadn't registered high enough on my arrival, if not, it made up for it later. It turned into pneumonia. I laid for many days, not knowing day from night or caring. When I breathed, the air smelt like roast pork burning. My nose had bled and matted in my whiskers. I called for an orderly--none came--I guess I only though I called, my voice was very weak. I later found they were playing dice. I needed a bed pan.

I remembered my Christian Science, and staggered from my bed weak and haggered, down the stairs and out into the rain. When they found me, I was placed in another ward, and received

better care. Where I was now placed, I could see from time to time a white screen placed around certain beds,--the boys were dying.

One evening I heard a lot of bells ringing, also tin cans, and crys. I learned the Armistic had been signed, of course I didn't believe it, and I was right, it was a false alarm. However the following day the Armistic was signed, and the war was over.

I presume by this time, my dear reader, that you have come to the conclusion that I do not care much for army life, and quite right you are. I imagine there are many ex-soldiers who have lost arms or legs that would speak better of it, but maybe I am lacking in my sense of loyality, or maybe I don't control any munitions stocks, there must be some reason. It has been written "Religion is the velvet glove that covers the steel fist of government"---in the army that velvet glove is removed.

Two months after the Armistic was signed still found us at camp Lewis, as the Tacoma Merchants desired our monthly pay as long as possible, but finally, California demandedthe return of her boys, and we were sent to the Presidio at San Francisco for discharge. If we ever engage in another war, I hope I find myself engaged in the manufacture of paper soled shoes for the boys, and able to stand on the side lines and wave the flag as they march by--then I can feel as other honorable and patriotic citizen must feel---having done my

bit, and worthy of respect--even if only a dollar a year man.

In my next chapter, I will tell of my home coming, my efforts to secure work, my trip across country by freight train--of travelling with a circus--of seeing my father for the first time after many years, and how I came to get in the Navy.

No 3 - 34hrs.

F. Tennyson
Jan: 35

The Story of a Forgotten Man:-

Part IV

Ah! at last I was on my way to the army - Uncle Sam's army - the greatest and best paid army in the world - how happy I was - I had not pictures of Uncle Sam with his finger pointed at me startled me at every turn; Even my girl had as much as suggested ~~me~~ my being "yellow". - but I would show them all, I was on my way now and the war was raging at its highest pitch. It was fall, the fall of 1918, I thought of another winter in my mountain tent - the army would be a

a school boy vacation alongside of that. Only one thing grieved me - the faces of my mother and grandmother - how white they were - but then they were both ill - mother with a crippled knee, and grandmother from old age I guess - I wondered if she would live until my return - and then again I wondered if I ever would return - I do not believe in luck - neither am I a fatalist - in other words, if one steps aside fast enough, one may prevent what might otherwise have been an untimely end". Upon returning to the school to join my mother and grandmother after my having left the ranch, I told my former school-mates

where I was going, and one of them made a remark that at that time I could not understand - quote "you will soon be scratching straw with the rest of the chickens" - I wondered, however I was soon to find out. It seems we were fighting this war to rid the world of a certain bunch of Demons called Germans, or "Huns" who cut the breasts off of innocent women, murdered children, and did many other terrible things which made the world unsafe for Democracy - I could never understand why they had "gott mit Huns" engraved on their belt buckles - unless they were trying to hide behind god - as the Devil usually does. Their leader, the so called Kaiser

must surely be Satan himself - and I firmly resolved to bring him back to the U.S.A. on the end of a rope, as all of the other cowboys had so bravely planned on doing - and then after his death — the war would be over - all happiness and prosperity and safe for Democracy forever. But this was not to be - the cowpunchers are dead, but the Kaiser lives on - Prosperity came, but turned out to be more of a dream than a reality - but of course we guessed right, in one sense — ~~it~~ ain't we all happy? And then, the world is still safe for Democracy - and we have a Democrat in office at last, our highest so we were all wrong. I was missing my white sugar and ~~flour~~ and as I was told the boys in the Army were

getting all of it, I looked forward with
pleasure - but wrong again - none at
camp - only the boys in the trenches
got white sugar and floated. Later
I found that the boys in the trenches
were lucky if they even got brown
sugar - I have always wondered what
happened to all of the white sugar and
floated? - maybe it was sent to Elmira
to check a famine. The train ride
from Montana to San Francisco was
uneventful only that grandmother was
ailing so and we had just gone thru
the unpleasant experience of selling most
of the furniture we loved so dearly
at cut rate prices - about ten cents on
the dollar, rather than move it. On
reaching the Bay District S.F. I saw my father rent a

small cottage in ~~Berkeley~~ a good section of Berkeley - and after kissing them good-by I was off to San Francisco where I had to report at locale board #13 and was assigned to the thirteenth Division at Camp Lewis, Washington. From then on the number 13 followed me like a stray cat - all of the munitions crates were inscribed with a yellow 13 ~~mark~~ marked in chalk - but then I was not superstitious, and after all - here I am - and all together too. It seems the 91st Div had just left for overseas, all hardy cowpunchers from the west, and the officers at camp had had considerable difficulty in handling them - but our outfit - the 13TH - they were waiting for us, and knew just what to do - we were composed of riff raff

and scum from the alleys and slums of San Francisco, who had avoided the earlier drafts, and had much the same high standards of morales as the average bunch of sewer rats. Anyway, the troop train was crowded and our ragged cargo of misfits landed at Camp Lewis - My first rec-ollections of Army life were harsh - "stick out yer tongue" - "wipe that smile off your face" - "stick out your chest" - yes Sir! Thank you Sir! etc, etc, We were given - shall I say uniforms? - every one was given a wrong size, and were allowed to trade, until we finally could wear them - The tails of the coats I remember, stuck out like a duck waddling to water. I got all traded

but my shoes - I wore a size nine and was given a size fourteen - I tried to tell them, but was told not to talk back to my superiors - eventually I found a giant trying to wear a size ten shoe - and so I was saved. Our heads were next shaved, all but an inch right in the front - Kaiser Bill style - to prevent us from contacting influenza germs or something, and we were sent to the barracks of the Depot Brigade where we were to remain two weeks for preliminary training - but measels broke out among us, and we were put in quarantine for two months - every time we got over a case a new one started. Quarantine in the army does not keep you from drill or work, but merely means you are confined to the barracks after drill and can't have

the liberty of the camp at night - if you call walking about the camp - liberty. At an early hour each morning we would hear a bugle blow - rush out, dressing on the way, and stand at attention in the rain waiting for roll call - After this we would rush back and wash for breakfast - I will not dwell on the food, but I had, (been used to pretty ~~tough~~ tough fare in Montana bateling, even so - it took two or three days before I could eat army food - I later found that the Depot Brigades held out on the rookies food, and then after their transfer, the "non-coms" had splendid food until the next batch arrived. I still dislike carrots, salt-peta, and mush.

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bus station it began to rain, we stood in line, many of us - there were thirty thousand men in our Division, and it looked like they were all going to try to get to Seattle on the same bus. After standing for some time shivering in the muddy line-up I discovered I was no nearer to catching a bus than I was when I first started to wait. The busses were coming up fast enough, but the line of privates, or common soldiers, in which I was standing failed to move, but was growing larger rather than smaller - then I looked behind me and saw the trouble - In a nice warm waiting room out of the rain sat a group of

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In my next chapter I will tell

of my home coming, my efforts to secure work, my trip accross country by freight train - of traveling with a circus - of seeing my father for the first time ~~in twenty~~ after many years, and how I came to get in the Navy.

4:- 34 hrs

Part 5 - The home coming - finding work.

The Story of a Forgotten Man:-

It was a dark night -- the night I stepped from the train at Berkeley station, and the wind was blowing a gale - But - home at last, after six or eight months in the army, which seemed an eternity - let the wind blow.

I was wearing my best and only uniform with the protruding coat tails, but somehow I felt extremely 'important'. I had never seen my new home - since mother had purchased it while I was away - but it proved to be even more homelike than I had immagined, and

was a new, modern bungalow.

I stepped on the porch, neatly arranging my coat tails, keeping them to the windward side as I rang the front door bell - Ah! The folks -- there they were, sound and alive, bursting with pride over my uniform - and also over me - I felt most happy. A big fire place fire was burning and everything was at peace with the world - we talked ~~last long~~ and far into the night.

There was no girl awaiting my return, so I got out a picture of my freckle nosed girl and hung it on the wall - but this proved to be

a mistake, as a gnawing desire to see her began to creep over me like a spider - much the same as a lighted candle draws a moth.

To see her at this time was next to impossible, as she was near Chicago, and I was on the west coast, many miles away - the thing for me to do was to get a position, save my money, and a few years later, after having become wealthy, return by private car and sweep her off her feet -- a splendid idea -- I would endeavor to carry it out at once.

I still had my sixty dollar bonus

for surviving the war, so I went to the city and bought a fine new outfit of civilian clothing, which made me feel most elegant - any position offered me short of a bank Presidents chair would undoubtedly have been turned down and have been considered, or an insult to my dignity and station of life.

None was offered however, and so I started firing a boiler - thanks to the efforts of one of our neighbours. I worked at this for a few weeks failing to get any promotion and finally decided it lacked the proper future possibilities. In the meanwhile I secured work in a factory, working

nights running a drill press - I didn't take enough pride in my work I guess, for one night the foreman fired me for not sitting up straight - I was not behind in my work - sixty holes per minute, but looked tired, and I presume this would mar ~~mared~~, the morale of the other workers anyway - I was tired. The disgrace stunned me -- me - an ex-soldier -- fired for slumping over.

My next job was as a special police for the Williams patrol, and I stood up straight in my new uniform. This was also night work and I used to call at the same factory to escort some of the girl workers

to their homes at midnight - this gave me the opportunity of glaring at the boss who had fired me - my faith in justice was returning.

Now at that period after the war seventy dollars a month wasn't much money, so I decided to go to work in the shipyards where as high as twenty dollars a day could be made - but the place I got as shipfitters helper only paid four dollars and fifty cents a day - and shoes were selling at eight and ten dollars a pair at the cheapest quality - all other comodities in proportion.

I worked several weeks before

the man I was helping disconcerted I was his helper - he often wondered why I followed him around so much.

I used to come home at night "stone" deaf from the sound of the rivet guns and trip hammers -steel against steel - all enclosed within steel walls - I couldn't even hear the bumps of the street car I was riding.

Some one had written in chalk ~~on~~ a steel plate ~~a poem~~ way down in the bowels of the ship a poem. I do not remember the exact words, but it was something about the tomb -- buried alive -- living death, -

it rang true. It was so noisy down there that it sounded quiet - as quiet as the tomb - death-like. Only after you were home did the noise start and your ears ring. (No! I didn't care a great deal for the slickyards either- it interfered with my artistic nature. So I took up prize fighting. This again proved rather rough and against my finer nature, as I was knocked down three times in my first and last fight - each time I staggered up, eyes bulging, broken window glass sensation in the back of my head - strange - I had fought with gloves in

the army well enough, defeated nine out often as an average - but some how professionally I didn't seem to fit in -

I decided to enter the white collar field and work in an office, this coincided with my original plan as big banker - only by this time I was willing to start in even as a lowly thirty dollar a week clerk. Thru a pull of some influential friends I was finally able to secure a splendid position with a large importing and exporting company as office boy - I was delighted - twelve dollars a week if I remember correctly.

But then "great oaks from little acorns grow!" - at least this was something with a future - and what a future - I would rise to where some day I would be able to control the entire south American markets, and maybe the markets of the world - who could tell? I started to study spanish. Sometimes I got discouraged, especially at the noon hour, as I would eat my sandwich down some alley away from the San Francisco crowds - they must never know that I didn't eat in lunch rooms - but then, many a big business man has had a humble

beginning - and so on I went - - -
but not far - I began to long for
the clean free air of the country -
away from the noisy grime of the
dirty city - surely there is where
I belong - a misfit - too light
for the heavy work, and too heavy
for the office - I would retire to
the farm and remain there - as
one of nature's true gentlemen, secure
from harm and care.

Mother had our bungalow all free
of debt and about fifteen hundred
dollars in the bank, so we bought
a very reasonably priced second hand

car, and started out to look California over for a suitable place to ranch, heading toward Los Angeles - The real estate men were out in force, they must have gotten advance word of our coming - they showed us everything worth seeing - and much that wasn't. - beautiful desert ranches with-out water, almond ranches, where almonds could be planted, dry river land, sandy hill land, and in fact, every kind of land - with the exception of land that would yield a livlihood. - nothing over a thousand dollars an acre -

We came back without any ranch and began to read the for sale adds in the newspapers - after selling our little bungalow at a good margin of profit, we found ourselves located on a nice little twenty acre ranch in the San Joaquin Valley - all under a fine irrigation project - costing us five hundred dollars per acre including the mortgage. It was truly different - yes! yes! Montana ranching was nothing like this --

The scorching rays of the noon day sun beat down on my head & body - my nose was turning a bright red hue - We were thrashing

- the dust and chaff got in my sweat soaked eyes and down my neck - in fact everywhere, this caused me to struggle and itch - It was July, an extra warm July, I was too hot and tired to eat my lunch or supper, but I thought of the profits and pitched on - Not a leaf stirred, not a cloud in the sky, not ~~a~~ a small breeze blew, even our breath was stagnant. -- I sneezed, my nose itched, I sneezed again - was I catching hay fever? No! It was just the dust, and passed off in the cool of evening when I went down to the barn to milk.

Daisy, Mollie, Jennie, and gentle Annie were waiting - by the way - these were the names of our cows - Dear Gentle Annie, such a kind disposition, a trifle too old to give much milk, but, having a very refined nature - sweet soul.

Now in Montana no one milks any cows, unless they are ~~the~~ unfortunate parents ~~of babies~~ - and not then if ~~they~~ ~~are~~ they can get them to drink canned milk - Being single, I had never learned to milk, nor could I understand why a cow has to be milked so early in the morning. A pig now, has much better sense, they get up early in the

morning that's true, but they know what they want and have a reason for early rising. After they have eaten, they spend the rest of the day trying to climb over the fence- failing at this, they devote the evening, and sometimes part of the night, in trying to tunnel under it. - They have some bad habits of course - everyone has - for instance - they don't close their lips while eating - and never clean the mud from their feet even before retiring.

I have met lots of people with the same bad habits, only they never have the fine bright intelligent

eye that a good well-bred pig has-
give me a pig everytime - they are
not supposed to know any better.
We had some horses too - a lovely
big team of work mares - and chickens
also - everything was fine, with only
one exception -- we couldn't make
the place pay - all of our profit went
to the irrigation company as a tax
on the water. We rec'd a little cash
from selling cream, but when we took
our eggs to market at wholesale prices,
we were given retail priced groceries
in return. The only people able to
make both ends meet on these small
ranches were the Portugese - I am

an American of English descent - and so were my fore-fathers. We were doomed to failure. After about nine months of living on the ranch we had an opportunity of trading it for some Berkeley property - and so we moved back to Berkeley.

The flats - for that was what the property was - income property - valued at about ten thousand dollars was in good shape and while they always kept well rented, were not located in the best part of town - but were in the west portion near the black belt". Seeing the folks thus located with an income, I got the

wanderlust again - pulling me back East - maybe it was the effects of army life - or maybe I wanted to see my girl. Four years had now passed since I had last seen her disappear into my memories.-

At last my opportunity came - I would go back to chicago and fit myself to become a physical director in the Y.M.C.A. - devote my life to the training of christian young men - What an idea! - I had already lost all ambition of becoming a power in the international world of finance - also I had failed in the industrial and agricultural realms.

I would devote my life to religion and an unselfish guardianship of humanity at large - what could be a more lofty ideal?

First I went to the Y. M. C. A. summer school - free to ex-soldiers - conducted at Asilomar California where my grades won me a scholarship at Association College in Chicago - all I had to do was get back East by fall, this would be easy for I had over two hundred and fifty dollars in cash - I paid my way to Billings and everything went according to schedule for three days -

I called on all of my old school friends that were left, and was invited to several parties - I intended to stay over a few days, as I was in no hurry. I also went to the Crow Indian reservation but was unable to rent a horse from the Indians - so missed seeing my old camp and former friends. My girl friend there I heard had married - I never got to see her - the mountains still looked lonely - the echo of the train whistle thru the hills saddened me. On my return to Billings I reached in my hip pocket and

to my horror found my purse was gone - the one containing two hundred and fifty dollars - in bright new bills. All I had left was about two dollars in silver, which fortunately I carried in another pocket -- I was stranded. I secured a position as chain-man with an engineering crew working on the state highway - this held me temporally - I must go on to school - but how ? - I still had a month or more before school started and I could save what little I could from my job - I worked Sundays driving a mule team and made extra money - But my railroad fare ? How could I

pay that? Again luck was with me_
I was able to work my way back
as far as St Paul on a cattle train -
feeding the cattle at the various stops.

One bright day in the early fall
found me leaving Bull mountain
montana, wearing a large cow-punchers
hat and hanging on to a freight car.
I was very happy and had several
dollars in my pocket -

The next chapter will tell of my
school life - position as assistant Physical
director - self imposed exile to the north
woods of Minnesotta - working as a
sailor on the great lake freight boats -
my starvation in St. Louis, and how
I got in the Navy and back to the
west coast. — ~~and~~ also meeting my teached girl friend

I first went to school in what was known as the Santa Clara Parochial School. This was a Catholic preparatory school operated as a part of preliminary or starting school in connection with Santa Clara College.

This school was rather unique in the way that it was all under the supervision and direction of the Sisters of Notre Dame. The teachers were all members of the Order, with the exception of one who was not a member of the order, and who taught English.

The hours in this school were from 8:30 in the morning until 4:00 p.m. I became very proficient in geography, arithmetic, english and orthography.

At the age of 13 I graduated from this school and entered Santa Clara College, as one of the youngest pupils to ever enter at this age. As a matter of fact when I first entered the classes there were a great many members therein who were as old as 20 and 22 years of age. At that time Santa Clara was operated under entirely different lines than at present. The tuition fee was $360.00 per year. The school term was ten months. It was operated as a boarding school principally. There were always a great number of wealthy South American boys, and Mexican boys there, as well as a number of boys from the wealthy families of the State. The students arose at 6:30 and after attending Mass, breakfast was had. The study class time started at 8:15. Recess was had from 12: to 1:30, and then more studay and classes until 5:15. After that there was a recreation period until 6:30, then a study period from 7:30 until 9 o'clock, and inthe majors a study period until 10 o'clock. So it can be seen that there was plenty of study. I did xkxx not attend however, as a boarder but as a day student, making my home with my grandparents, who lived a few blocks from school.

I became very apt in the study of Latin and Greek, mathematics, geography; this latter was my favorite study. Also got along very well in orthography, and similar studies. I became an altar boy and in fact almost entered the priesthood. My grandfather decided against this step. I went as high up in my studeis as would guarantee me a fair education, without taking up any special course such as would fit me to become an attorney, or a physician.

The teachers in the College at that time consisted of Brothers, some priests, and some Professors, who had the degrees of A.B. etc, and who were suited to teach the younger students.

There was one Profezser there by the name of Mr. [illegible] Sedgley who was Professer in Mathematics. He was a veteran of the Civil War, and at one time had held a commision in the Army. He had lost one leg in the war. He and I became great friends, probably due to the fact that I was clever in Arithmetic. He would derive great pleasure from calling on some older pupil than I was, say about 18 or 20 years old. When the student would flunk on the answer, he would call on me and get it correct, then call the students attention to the fact that I was such a kid and still could furnish him with the right answer.

About this time my father decided that I had enough of this class of education, so I left Santa Clara and came to San Francisco to live with my father and mother.

I took up a course in Book-keeping and business practise at the Polytechnic Business College, graduating a year later, amd the I got my first job at the terrific wages of six dollars per week.

I went to work as a book-keeper for a concern in the hide and leather business. This concern consisted of an old Jewish genteleman and two sons and they operated a tannery in South San Francisco with office on Clay St. near the Ferry. I not only kept the books but also ran errands, done all the collecting of accounts on Steamer Day as collection day was then called, operated the typewriter carrying on the correspondence, also measured up hides and skins on machine, helping an older man at this work, but I also was a general all around handy man.

After about a year of this I secured employment with th old Wells Fargo and Company Express, in the Auditing Department. This was quite an advancement, as I received $60.00 per month as a starter. It was not an easy job by any means. In these days adding machines, and calculating machine s were not known, or at least in not such universal use as at the present time, and it took a real mathematician to prodeuce results, as the work in a department of this kind took up a lot of pro-ration as to the earnings of the different carriers.

I remained with this C Company for over three yearsor until the time they moved the general office fro San Francisco to New York City. I was offered an opportunity to go along with them and at an advance in salary, but I deceided that San Francisco wa s to be my home. I had heard that living expenses were much higher in New York, and didi not think that the salary would be sufficient, so in 1904 I found myself looking for work.

This I xecured vey soon, and was employed by some peeple who were in the bank, store and office fixture manufacturing business. My salary on this work was $75.00 per month, and about this time I became a married man.

I did not remain with this concern for more than a year as I secured mydelf a better position with the old Pacific Mail Steamship Company, where my salary as a starter was $90.00 per month. This Company operated about ten vessels along th coast to Panama, and five or so from San Francis co to the Orient. I was in charge of the operating expense records of the different vessels. My dutires consisted in rendering the accounts of the cost of the operation of each vessel for each voyage.

(To be continued)

I worked myself up to a salary of $ 125 per month, which at that time could be considered a fairly good wage. I was offered an opportunity by this company to go to Shanghai, China and take charge of the office at that place, that is the accounting end of same. However, I had heard reports from visitors there, and from seamen who had been there and returned to San Francisco that sanitary conditions were not very good and I didi not feel like taking my wife, and my young son who was then about two years of age, into such a location.

It was during this time that San Francisco was visited by the big earthquake and fire. This earthquake happened at about 5:15 in the morning, of April 18 1906, a date which will probably never be forgotten by anyone who was in San Francisco at that time. I was living in a three story flat-building, and on the first floor of this building. What seemed to awaken me was the creaking and wrenching, it seemed, of the studdings in the walls of the bedroom. For a moment I imagined, or thought I was dreaming, of being on board of a ship at sea in a storm. The rolling and shaking motion would probably feel about the same. However. I quickly realized what was happening, and my wife and myself dashed toward the street, with but very little dress on, just what we could grab in the rush. By the time that we arrived at the front door the quake had ceased, although the duration of it was ,as I remember, about one minute and 15 seconds.

In the streets, all was confusion. When I firs t looked out, there were not yet many people out, but running out the street at top speed, there were about three or four dogs running at top speed. They didi not seem to know where they were going, but were simply terror stricken, and no doubt this was the case.

Fire broke out in a large department store, just one block from where I was living. This was a large three story building, and when first seen the smoke was rolling out in huge clouds. The fire was caused by crossed wires. This building was located at the corner of 22nd and Mission Sts. The fire department arrived there very soon, but it was found that there was no water available, as the earthquake had broken the main pipe lines leading into the City from Crystal Springs. However, the engines were connected up to the sewer system, and were just barely able to put this fire, that is this particular fire, with what sewage there was in this particulr section. Sever l fires broke put all over the City, some of which were gotten under control promptly, and this happened where there were people around who were able to detect these fires, and get them out quickly. Nevertheless, in the down town sections, where there were but very few people about, the fires which did arise, received no attention, and soon the buildings were completely on fire and beyond control.

There were a great many epeople killed on this earthquake, and the exact number will never be known, as in some places, like the workingmens hotels and rooming houses south of Market St., the buildings caught fire, and being of old construction and very inflammable, they soon burned up, even before the injured or dead could be removed.

I was living at this time on the corner of 22nd and Valencia Sts, and the building still stands there, although the great fire which lasted three days and three nights before being controlled, reached on Valencia Street as far as the corner of 20th.

My father and mother were living on Broadway and Jones Streets, and as soon as possible I started over to see how they had fared. Transportation by street cars, of course, there was none, so I started to walk over there?

I walked down Valencia Street to market and the scenes which I saw I will never forget. At Seventeenth and Valencia, a three story hotel had collapsed, so that the second story was level with the street. Police and neighbors were digging frantically to release several people who were buried beneath the ruins. I helped as much as possible and with the aid of two other men, we were able to release and dig out a man who was buried beneath the wreckage. He was a carpenter by trade, and of course was asleep ath the time of the quake. His back was broken or twisted in such a manner as to paralyze his legs, and he was badly cut up about the head by falling objects. He had not however lost consciousness, and was not completely buried so that his cries were able to be heard.

We moved him out on an improvized stretcher, and with several others in a similar condition he was loaded on to a dray wagon and removed to an improvized hospital a few blocks away. The dead, which I heard amounted to over twenty people, were moved into a vacant storee a few doors up the street.

[redacted]

The fires which had spread all over the lower parts of the City continued to burn for four days, starting Wednesday morning at 5;14 and continuing on until Saturday morning at which time they were completely under control. This was due in great part to the action of the United States Government which took charge of the situation about Thursday,using dynamite to blast buildings and structures in the path of the flames, in other words creating a back-fire.

Residents were forced to flee to the hills and outlying districts,abandoning their homes and belongings.My family and myself took refuge at a reservoir located on a hill way out in the Mission District,and remained here until Saturday morning,at which time we received word that we could go back to our home,that is if there was anything left of it.

Upon arriving at my residence we found that the fire had been checked just a block and a half away,so that we were very fortunate.All of the dovm town area east of Van Ness Avenue had been completely burned out.Traffiv by street cars was out,in fact there were but only one ot two street car lines running.The ruins were piled on every street in the City, and it was a days journey to travel from one part of the City to another.

As stated before I was employed at that time by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company with offices in the Merchants Exchange Building at the time of the fire. After the fire, the offices were housee in amakeshift office on Pier 42, located at the foot of Brannan Stret. It was necessary to leave my home about six-thirty in the morning in order to get into the office by 8:15. However this condition did not prevail for long as some enterprising automobile owners inaugurated what was termed 'jitney busses' which had routes all over the down town sector of the City. The local jitneys which can now be seen travrlling from the Ferry out to the Mission District, and to the Haight District are the outcome of this system.

After the fire, and for quite a while, it was unlawful to start a fire in your home until after the chimney had been inspected by the City Inspector. This took quite a liitle while, as the chimneys were inspected ij districts. All of the housewives were forced to do their cooking in the street.For this reason all of the stoves in the residences,which wre still left standing, wre moved dovm to the curb, and the meals wre accordingly cooked al-fresco. A great many peoples rigged up quite an elaborate kitchen, and any person on his way home would have quite an appetite, if he took in all of the cooking odors which prevaded the air. Another thing which took place was the result that horses and buggys were at a premium, as a great many business contracted for the use of a horse and buggy at a very handsome figure for the owner.

(to be continued)

Frank Lafore

A few months after the fire the offices of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company,by whom I was then employed,moved to the Flood Building at Powell and Market Streets.This was the first building to be rebuilt after the fire, in this district and it loomed up almost as a sky-scraper, being surrounded on all sides by ruins,and the many small shacks which sprung up as temporary quarters of the firms who had been in business in this locality before the fire.The original walls in this building were not badly damaged, being of steel and stone. The inside of the building however had been completly burned out,which to agreat extent was more of a help in rebuilding,than otherwise.

It was at this time that the City of San Francisco put through its laws and regulations governing the erection of buildings,particulary in the business section.This has resulted in the erection of such handsome and substantial buildings as can now bee seen throughout the City.All of the buildings before the fire were of a steel frame only in the supporting walls, the interior walls and partitions being of wooden construction. The first all-steel and concrete building to be erected after the fire was the Pacific Building at 4th and Market Streets. This was quite a curiosity at the time, this type of construction being new to the Western Coast at that time.

I remained with the Pacific Mail until 1908, at which time I heard of a better position being open,and secured the same as general office man and accountant with a construction and engineering firm specializing in the construction of g ld dredges and ming operationand similar lines. This position paid me $200 per month and I remained with them for over seven years,or until 1914,at which time the war in Europe broke out, and everything was upset in this country.

It might be noted in passing,that at this time there was considerable English capital invesyed in this country in gold mining and other industries in California? The sudden withdrawal of this capitalas fae as further development was concerned of the projects already under way, simply meant that all previous work on these projects was aloss if further capital was not forth-coming at certain periods to carry on the work. My employer, who had control of over half a million dollars previous to this time found himself in a r ther peculiar desperate cirmustance. He made several trips to New York and London earli in 1914, but in August of that year the war actually broke out and the organization could not carry on.

Pland had been made to reclaim thousands of acres of dredged land in the Sacramento valley. After the land had been dredgedn and its gold content extractedthere had remained nothing but huge piles of 'Tailings' , 'Tailings' as termed, was the sludge,dirt,stones and boulders, left after the soil had passed through the dreg

This project called for the removal and breaking up of this rock, for road building and similar purposes,and the replacing of the soil for the planting of oranges, grapes,and similar products. A huge rock crushing plant had been erected and the proposition was getting along very well, all in accordance, with the plan, when the war came along.These plans called for an investment of $25,000,000,so it can be undrstood just how large it was.

With the stoppage of the capital necessary to carry on the work,of course,futher development at the time was also stopped.It was not,however, a total loss. The concern was able to carry on part of the original project, through the returns of the gold dredging operations, and of course, at the present time,with gold at $35 an ounce,

Frank J. Taylor

During the time that I was tavelling I had many varied experiences, some of which I will relate.

At one time I was stopping at ahotel in Stockton, over one Saturday night.About three o'clock Sunday morning I was awakened by some peculiar feeling which I can not even descibe now. I felt uneasy and was unable to go to sleep again. While partly dozing I sensed a peculiar odor. I could not ascibe it to any thing in particular, but after abot ten minutes I knew what it was. It was smoke. I arose hastily and donned a few clothes and rushed out into the hall-way. This was full of smoke which seemed to be bursting out through the wainscoting and door jambs and window openings. My room was on the second floor front and I dashed down to the office and aroused the dozing night clerk. We dashed out into the courtyard and of course saw nothing in the dark, but could smell smoke very plainly.

I ran upstaits and dressed, and then went all along the corridors on the second floor arousing everyone. In the meantime the clerk had turned in a fire alarm and was busy phoning all guests. The fire department arrived and upon opening certain doors to locate the base of the fire they caused a draft to be set up which fanned the incipient blaze so that it burst forth in earnest.

It seemed that the building which was an old one built over twenty years before, had been remodeled, and the ceilings which were originally 16 feet in height had been reduced down to twelve feet, leaving a space of four feet between the ceiling of the first floor, and the real floor of the second floor. The firemen upon chopping through this false ceiling made openings which created a draft all over the first floor ceiling, and being an old building of wooden construction it was not very long before the building on the lower floors was a mass of flames.

Fortunately, no one lost their lives in the fire, but several were injured, and lost their belongings.

At another time I was travelling in Modoc County, which is the furthest north-eastern county in California.It was late in winter,about the month of April. The snow still continues to fall in this district as late as this, although down in the Valleys, the period can be considered as early Spring. At this time the snow still continued to fall, and covered the ground to depth of four to six feet.

I had left the town of Redding, in Shasta County, early in the morning, abot 7 o'clock, to travel over to the town of Alturas, in Modoc County.This was a distance of over 200 miles, and it required ordinarily about ten hours to make the trip, the road traversing five ranges of mountains in this distance. The highway was kept open by snow-plows driving through after every severe storm. It had snowd heavily the night before, but cleared up by morning, the sun shining very brightly. There are several National Forest Reserves, through which this road passes, consisting mostly of giant redwoods and pine trees.

Thre was a
Forest Reserve Headquarters at the top of one of the ranges mentioned,and I stopped here for lunch, at a roadside eating-place or resort. While there I meta young couple, recently married, and while conversing with them I learned that they were on their way to Alturs, at which place he had a job awaiting him as lumberman in a new mill just starting up. After luncheon, they preceded me on the road,I leaving a few minutes behind them. They were

travelling in an old Ford touring car, which had a Composition cloth material top.

About five minutes after starting out I had almost caught up with them, and could see them about a quarter of a mile ahead. Just when I had made up my mind to pass them on the straight stretch of rroad we were then entering, a huge redwood tree, old, and evidently rotted at the base, fell straight across the highway. The heavy load of snow on the branches, and the wind pressure had caused it to drop. It fell at just such a time that it struck their machine, as they were driving by, in a diagonal direction, tearing the top off and crushing the young mans head. Their machine became entagled in the branches, and was overturned, pinning them both in the wreckage.

I stopped immediately, of course and went up to see whatI could do. As stated, their machine was overturned, and I heard no sound of life. Being unable to do anything alone I turned my car around and rushed back tot tthe raodhouse I had just left. Four men rsponded and the forest rangers were sent for.

Arrving back at the wreck, we found some one else had come from the other direction, and was endeavoring to move the machine. One of our party, a woodsman, chopped away the branches of the tree in mighty short order, and we succeedd in lifting the machine off the bodies.

The young woman was regaining consciousness, but the young man was beyond recall. Hid head was badly crushed, and evidently he had suffered internal injuries, being bent almost double. The young woamn only suffered a dislocated shoulder, and minor injuries, as I learned from her later passing through here again. She was carried to a near-by farm house, and was able to be around a few weeks later. I have seen this young woman several times when going through this district, but she never seemed to recover from the tragic death of her husband.

I often think of this tragic occurence, but I suppose it was written in the book of Fate, that this was to be his end. I also think how fortunate I was, or may not have been, that this tree did not fall just about a minute later.

Frank J. Taforo

(To be continued)

At one time a fellow-travelling man and myself were making a trip from San Francisco to Eureka, in Humboldt County in the northwest part of the State.

It was in December and there was considerable snow on the ground up in the mountains which it was necessary for us to traverse. Starting tpcross these mountains in the morning we were delayed along the road in several instances by the snow falling.Under these conditions it was ~~mxdxx~~ of course necessary for us to travel very slowly.

In mid-afternoon the storm ~~pxxxxd~~ passed away and we were able to make better time.However,it soon was late in the afternoon and growing dark when my friend who was driving the automobile, in an endeaver to take a turn in the road just a little bit too fast,skidded off the road onto an enbankmaent,and struck some part of a concrete bulhkead which had been erected there.

This upset the car onto its side. Luckily, I was thrown clear of any wreckage, but my friend was less fortunate, as he was catapulted through the side window and frame, and was very seriously hurt. Outside of a bruise on the side of my head I was soon able to ascertain what had happened.

My friend was laying unconscious and bleeding very profuselu from his cuts and hurts,particulary from a severe cut alongside the bottom of his jaw. Isaw a light just about what appeared to be a half mile or so ahead, and started out for assistance, as I was unable of course,alone, to do anything, as my friend was aheavy man and hard to handle,and I had no medical assistants of any kind to use.

This house however was over a mile away, it seemed like ten miles to me by the time I got there. It proved to be a wood-cutters shack, but luckily there was a telephone,and I soon got in touch with the town of Weaverville. The telephone operator connected me with the lone doctor in town who promised to come out at once.

However, it was more than an hour before he arrived. In the meantime I had gotten some medicine, or liniment or lotion of some kind used in curing cuts on sheep, and had been able to get back to my friend, who had reagained consciousness. We applied some of this lotion to his cuts, and while not stopping the bleeding entirely, the same was of great help.

Upon arrival of the doctor, he was able to stop this bleeding, but it was not until my friend had lost a considerable amount of blood. His clothing was drenched with it,and it is doubtful in my mind as to whether he could have lost much more.

The doctor found that his shoulder was dislocated, and that his back had suffered a severe wrenching. By laying some boards across the back end of his car,and driving very slowly, we finally got him to the hospital at Scotia, which is a lumber city with a mill and had a hospital in connection with its mill.

It was however, very close to one o'clock in the morning before we arrived here. The accident had occured about 4:30 in ~~xxxxxfx~~ the afternoon.My friend remained in the hospital for three weeks,before he was able to get about.

I was considerably upset,of course, and did not feel any too good for a couple of days,due to the jar, and also from the strain under which I had been.

Frank J. Taforo

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L/87

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Auto-biography of the writer, Continued

I had been on the road for fourteen years when along came the start of the depression in 1929. The building business of which of course I was vitally interested in hit the toboggan, so that in the early part of 1932 there was difference in the volume of business equal to nearly 75 % below normal. After struggling along for a whole year on this reduced volume of business, the firm I was with applied the shears and cut off and redeuced their working force to a skeleton. Only a few of the older old time men were retained, and there was a genral clearance. Theexecutives of the business went out to really work themselves, and the overhead was cut down to a minimum. Still, even at that the firm was losing money and thanks to reserve in the East they were however to keep carrying on.

Nevertheless, I was without work of any permanent nature, as well a great many others in my line. I tried my hand at selling different specialties, but the trouble was that there was very little to be made, and after the city had been worked a person was through. I had been forced to sell my auto for which I paid $1750 in 1929, for $40 cash, and IIhhad a hard time to do that. Iwas living in an attic, at very low rent but found it necessary to apply for relief in the latter part of 1932.

Since then I have worked on differernt projects of the Community Chest, etc. The longest steady work I have been able to secure was ten days in the grocerteria when it was operating on 16 th St. I have been in constant contact iwth former friends and employers but it seems that business as yet, is just not what it ought to be to produce a general improvement. This is particulary true of the builsding and contracting businesses. The Banks are pretty well loaded up with property which has been foreclosed, and naturally no loans are being made for new buildings, as this merely increases the competition and does not give the banks an opportunity to dispose of the holdings which they have at the present time, and which no doubt they would be glad to be rid of.

However, we have faith that conditions will gradually right themselves, as they have no doubt done in the past, and about all we can do struggle along and hope gfor the best.

Frank J Gafford

Frank Taforo.

Autobriography(con't)

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936

Chicago was hot and stuffy when I arrived. I took and instant dislike to the place. However, on further acquaintance I found it not such a bad place.

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Chicago was hot and stuffy when I arrived. I took and instant dislike to the place. However, on further acquaintance I found it not such a bad place.

I remember that on the day of my arrival the Chicago newspapers, living up to the reputation of the place, were announcing the shooting of a lieutenant of police.

That night I went to a show and shortly afterwards boarded my train for the great West.

The weather having got very hot, crossing the Middle West was a sweltering business. I got practically no sleep. This was also caused by the fact that at Denver City a number of villianous looking people boarder the train and sat near me, and I saw them looking at me several times out of the corners of their eyes. As I was carrying almost a hundred dollars in my belt and I was the only other person in the carriage I naturally felt nervous. It never struck me that I must have looked a rather unusual looking individual. Having, As I previously stated, lived in London just prior to my setting out for the New World, I was dressed in english fashion; that is in a tweed coat, flannel trousers and a large black white and blue scarf.

I found Salt Lake City a very attractive and beautiful place. And I was amazed that such a place should flourish in the midst of what looked to me a veritable desert. One of the things that struck me most was the prettyness of the girls and the poorness of their complexions.

On the journey across Colorado, Utah I had one of my great illusions cruelly shattered. When I saw my first cowboy he was riding in a battered old Ford.

At one part of the journey we came to Royal Canon where the passengers were taken off the train to view its magnificence.

I slept while we crossed the Sierras and the next morning we arrived in Oakland where I got off by mistake. However, I boarded a ferry right away and Je suis arrivé

Percy Freer.

are always willing to give some fatherly advice and warning against

To me New York was an amazing city, but as the days went by the novelty more or less wore off, and I began to take things as a matter of course. My intention was to stay a few days in New York and to set out for San Francisco via Chicago. In the city of sky scrapers I met many of my fellow nationals. Most of them seemed gloomy and pessimistic, and several of them were returning to the old country.

There is a saying in Ireland that when an Irishman is born the first thing he sees is the coast of America. As his own country is so poverty stricken, and American tourists tell him great tales of the fabulous wealth of the U.S.A, he begins at once to save in order to set out for the latter country and fame and fortune which he is assured is waiting him.

I must confess I held this theory also, and when I landed in New York and saw the tremendous wealth which was everywhere on display I found no reason to doubt this.

I was amazed by the tremendous pace. Everyone seemed to be in a life and death struggle to get somewhere. Their faces were wrinkled with worry and the nervous tention of strain. The traffic, which in the old country is so leisurely, moves at a terrific pace. Taxi cabs swerved in and out of lines of fast moving trucks and busses, often crashing into one another, in their hurry to get somewhere.

In London which I believe is slightly larger than New York the traffic moves in one long line one behind the other. Pedestrians can usually walk as fast as the London buss. But in New York this isn't so. Of course the streets are wider than those of London. This explains a part, but only a minor part, of the great pace.

There is a great conspiracy on the part of the railroad, hotel and steamship employees to rob the defenseless immigrant. However, they are always willing to give some fatherly advice and warning against

the next thief.

I found that all British subjects (Ireland was then a British crown colony) were treated very well, as they were under the protection of the powerful British Empire. We did not, therefore, have to get off at Ellis and be treated with all the indignities of the continental European.

The Line is was travelling by had one of their guides at the dock when I landed. He brought me to my hotel and and a few days later saw me off on the train for Chicagp.

I arrived in San Francisco on May 3Ist, I929. The first place I stayed was the Argonaut Hotel. The next day I moved into a boarding house on Buchanan Street. It was a large place with about twenty five boarders. Most of them were young fellows that had just finished their enlistment in the Army. Afew of them were students at the State Teachers College.

My first job I got in Oakland loading trucks with cartons containing cand of vegetables. The pay was four dollars a day, but the work was very hard and monotonous. Most of my fellow workers were Mexicans. The quarreled most of the time, and the foreman was afraid of them. One week of this work was all I could stand.

My next job was in the postal department of the Emporium. This was rather interesting work, and not hard. I was transfered to different departments, till finally I became a salesman. This type of work I've always had a decided dislike for, so I made every effort to get another job. In this I was successful obtaining a job in the Shell Oil Company. The work was very light and the pay small. However, I managed to get along, and add a little to my savings which I had started on entering the Emporium. I must confess that I did not like America at first. The people seemed to be in a terrible fever and rush to make money. Money appeared to me to be the measure of everything. I realised later that money means everything all over the globe. The only difference being that in Ireland money si very difficult to acquire, and nearly everybody has lobg ago given up trying to acquire it.

Suddenly the Shell Oil began to feel the results of the stock market collapse. Wages were lowered, and finally a number of the junior were let go, and I was one of them.

Thsi was the first time I was ever without a job, and without friends to go to for advice or help. I felt terribly depressed, and this was intensified on the coming of Christmas.

One day I saw an add in the morning paper for a process man. I applied. To my suprise I got the job although I knew little about this type of work. I managed to hold this job for a month, until making a very serious mistake, I was fired.

One day reading in the paper that a cast was being formed for a series of comedies going on tour, I wrote and asked for a part. The part was a small one, however I managed to play the part as well as could be expected. The plays were very poor, and the audience small. Finally after three weeks the company folded up, and I was once more out of work.

I found the members of this company very interesting. They were for the most part broken down actors that had seen better days. The leading man had been a very famous character actor many years before, but having failed to get anything with the films had taken to drink. During the performance of one of the plays he came on the stage very drunk and chased the Juvenile Lead oof with a sword. I heard some time later that he had to leave the state on account of some shady deal he put through. The leading lady had been a vaudeville queen in the old days, and had won the title of Miss Long Beach in the early days of beauty competitions. I still meet some of these people. They are entirely lost among their new surroindings

Percy Freer.

At San Luis Obispo I got friendly with a group of young fellows going towards San Francisco. Just before the freight started out we went to a small grocery store to buy something to eat We all got pies for ten cents each and two of them got much bigger pies than we did for the same price However, on starting to eat them they found that in the centre they were rotten. In spite of this they ~~eat~~ ate them It made my stomach sick to watch them.

The freight was slowing moving through the hills that surround San Luis Obispo. Two of us were toying to shut the heavy door of the box car. a young negro who was with us says "Let me do it" and slams the doors shut. Although he was not massive, he was all ~~muscle~~ muscle and tremendously strong after he had performed this feat of strength, one of the occupants of the car climbed out and disappeared. I saw him afterwards and he said he had a few dollars with him he didn't want to lose. As a matter of fact the

individual and probably would
have hurt anyone.

At San Jose while broarding one of
the freights I fell off and was hurt
a little. If it had not have been
the last car, however, I would without
doubt have been killed instantly as
the train was going fast.

When I returned to San Francisco
I stayed with some of the people I had
met on the freights. Shortly afterwards
I got a job selling candy in a show
in North Beach, so I left them.

Percy Freer

My sojurn with my new friends did not last very long as they were served with an eviction notice and had to move to a smaller place where there was no room for me.

I was eating in a small restaurant one day when some one asked me if I would go up country to fight forest fire, I agreed and a short while after was on my way in a car with many more out-of-works like myself. Our destination was St. Helena at the sanatorium of the Seven Day Adventists. The woods which surrounded the place was in a blaze, so we were put to work to extinguish it. This was interesting work but none too easy. We were very tired when we were through for the day, and our annoyance was great when we were served with a concoction of vegetables and skimmed milk.

We worked building fire trails and extinguishing the blaze for several days, and when we finally got things under way we were sent back to San Francisco without any pay. So altogether, from our point of view, it was a very unsuccessful undertaking.

I was walking along North Beach one day some time after the above event when I saw a theatre being opened. It was one of these low class of stage show. However, this did not worry me, so I went inside and managed to persuade the manager that I was an expert candy salesman. I remember he asked me what experience I had, so I made up an elaborate story that apparently satisfied him. He asked me what method I used in selling, whether

I sold ~~xixx~~ ' wild ' or ' high pressure ' I had never heard of either of these terms, so I answered the first, however, I said that I could also manage the latter. I found out what I let myself in for later.

Every Saturday night the cast of the show, the ushers, stage hands, and myself had to hang round the box office and agitate till we were paid, and even then we seldom got the full amount. One night one of the leading ladies in the show got into a row with the management, and brought her husband in to settle it. He was a prize fighter, and knocked the manager, who by the way at one time was a well known wrestler, out cold. He and his wife then promply quit.

Another night two rival gangs arrived at about the same time. I don't remember how the fight began, but a ~~xx~~ well dressed young girl was the cause. Anyway, they kept shouting insults at one another. Suddenly the girl got up and told the other gang what she thought of them and their ancestors in the strongest language. And then things began to happen. So one pulled a gun, and the police swooped down and arrested the offenders, and peace was resumed

Percy Isaacs

L309

One day I got a job selling Real Estate. I knew little, or rather I should say nothing about this kind of work. However, I started out full of hope. One of my leads was an Italian family whom I approached with the line about winning a prize of an allotment in some God-forsaken part of the country. Of course, it was honest enough and an astute person could at least get something out of it. This family received the news with great joy, and brought out a large bottle of wine. I wasn't very used to wine so it did not take long for me to be quite hilarious. Then I ' spilled the beans ', in other words I told them to forget all about this business of Real Estate for it was no good. That ended for a time my profession of salesman, and incidently, one which I had always dispised .

On looking through the morning paper several years ago I came across an advertisement for a cast for a Shakesperean company. On arriving at the address fiven in the paper, I found one who arrapently was the manager of the company and the leading lady who was a synthetic blond and looked like a chorus girl. I was required to give a part from The Merchant of Venice, I forget what it was. They were apparently satisfied with my reddition and I got a part. The company was got together, we interviewed agents we read our parts to all sorts of people but all of no avail, the company never reached even a dress rehearsal.

Shortly after the above incident took place I want to work in a restaurant on Market Street. It was called The Hell Hole, and it was a good name for it. I had long hours, hard work, and small pay. At the end of a week when I demanded more pay I was fired. So that was that.

The occupation I liked the most was the job I had at the Tivoli Theatre. I had long hours but the work was interesting. I took tickets on the door, ballyhooed outside, and closed up the theatre at night. The boss seldom arrived till late at night and then he was too busy to pay much attention to me, so that I had things pretty much my own way. Jobs like that are scarce however, and I believe it is the only one I held. The company finally packed up and went down to San Jose, and I last heard of them in Sacramento.

Percy Freer

Percy Freer.

When this show was over as far as I was concerned I had a new profession, not one that gave large rewards it is true, but at least an interesting one. So I tramped round to the various show houses in town without much success. Finally I managed to get a job at the Tivoli Theatre taking tickets on the door, selling candy. This however, did not last long. A few months saw the last of it.

Once more I was on my uppers as it were, and this lasted for some time. Once I found it necessary to go into the soup line, but I was unable to stomach the food, or so called food. One day things were so bad that a friend of mine, who was struggling along as a sculptor and I got together to decide where we could eat. We finally decided to go over to North Beach where my friend knew quite a lot of people. We were lucky enough to run into a party given to an Italia[illegible] singer who was returning to Italy. Unfortunately they served wine before the meal, and two glasses was enough to put me to sleep.

One day I was passing a show house that was just opening up, and going inside I recognized my former employer of the Tivoli. So I was back at work once more. The theatre was very small holding only about a couple of hundred people. My job was to stand outside and ballyhoo. Three days after the opening the police came along and closed up the show, I don't know why, as there was nothing objectional to it as far as I know. Of course, I never saw

it. How ver, I was naturally very much annoyed at losing another job in so short a time, and I did not enjoy the prospect of looking for another.

Looking back at these times I wonder how I managed to exist. Eating only occasionally. and then only sparingly/ Moving from one place to another when the rent came due, and always on the look out for a job. I remember one day I heard about a job in Oakland and having fifteen cents in my possession I took the five cent ferry across. When I arrived there I got the job but I was not to report till the next day. Not knowing the town very well I did not know where to stay, so the night being warm I tore branches off the bushes in one of the parks and went to sleep. Naturally I did not sleep very well. However, in the morning I felt fine. Somehow or other I managed to live although I lost around forty pounds and my health had got very poor. Human life although liable to all sorts of diseases and sicknesses that are unknown to the other inhabitants of this earth is extraordinary tenacious.

At the beginning of nineteen thirty three I found work very difficult to get, and as my money had all run out and my health had got worse, so I decided to go down to Los Angeles, so one day I set out with a small canvas bag. I took the street car to San Mateo and started to walk along One Hundred and One, the Federal Highway. The day was fairly warm so it was not unpleasant, but after walking for several hours without being picked up I began to feel tired. I was worried where I should sleep that night. Not having embarked on anything like this before I began to have misgivings. However, I was lucky enough to come upon a man trying to start an old battered Ford. I helped him, and he offered me a lift. This brought me to San Jose, and not knowing the town very well I walked through the main street. By then I looked as if I had been walking for days and people looked after me curiously. It's a great woneder to me now that I wasn't picked up by the police. I managed to find the Federal Highway no. One Hundred and One. For hours I walked and night began to fall. I was some miles from the town of Morgan Hill I decided there was nothing else for me to do that night but to sleep in a barn at the back of one of the farm houses I passed. It became completely dark yet I trudged along as I could find no place where I could make sleeping quarters. Finally a car pulled up near me and a voice said, " Going this way ? " and I jumped in. Thus I reached Gilroy late at night. I walked through the town till I came to an old disused warehouse, where I gathered together a bundle of papers, and although it had a concrete floor and the night was cold I slept rather well. Next morning I was up early and on my way. I did not have to go far when a large oil truck pulled up and a voice invited me to jump up. Thus I covered another lap of my journey and arrived in Salinas. The grassy lawn around the station was filled with tramps sleeping, for

the most part, with their bundles of blankets beside them. I approached a group of them, and began askingg them about the trains. None of them seemed to know anything about them and cared less. It appeared that they were going nowhere in particular, and any train that came in was good enough for them. On making further enquiries from some of the railroad men I found that no freight trains were going to stop there that day. So I lay down on the grass and began working out what course I should take. Beside me sat a very old man. He had a long white beard, bleary eyes, and wore the dirtiest and most ragged of clothes. I noticed that he carried a stick to assist him in his movements, which were very slow and painful on account of the fact that he was partly crippled. I spoke to him for a while, but he did nothing but grumble, not without reason I suppose. Finally a long freight train came in. It slowed down but didn't stop. Just outside the station it was going so slow that one could walk faster than it. Suddenly to my suprise I observed the old man scramble to his feet and limp along with his huge pack, or ' Baloon ' as he called it, till he got level to the last car, and seizing the iron ladder he scrambled up to the roof like a monkey, and lifting up the trap on the top, disappeared inside. Before I could make up my mind to do like wise, the train started off with a jerk and disappeared round the bend. A few minutes later I set out once more.

Percy Breen

One day I saw an advertisement in the morning paper for a man who could do process work. My knowledge of this kind of work was extremely small. However, I decided to call into the place named in the ad., on my way down town. This was more to settle my Conscience than anything else. It was almost noon when I arrived. The place was large and very gloomy, situated in a back street where tall buildings shut out most of the light. There was an unpleasant smell of dye everywhere and it was uncomfortably hot.

I was very much surprised when I got the job. It appears that this was a lucky occasion when the job had to be filled by a person of my proportions, age etc.

The pay was the highest I've ever had, but I early found that I had to work with the speed and precision of a machine. I also discovered that I knew little about the work. The foreman was continually complaining. According to him I was driving the firm into bankruptcy. Naturally I was very much annoyed as I knew they were making at least three dollars on every dollar they gave me. The famous definition of value of economics was, as it had been to a lesser degree in other jobs, continually in my mind.

Finally after a month at this place I made a mistake in mixing the dye, so I was handed my cheque and promptly kicked out. I was not sorry to leave although I was once more with-

a job.

When I recall my brief term with this firm, it brings memories of the pale sickly faces of the girls who worked upstairs on the sewing machines; the miserable shrivelled up little clerk who sat in the front office, and the german foreman. The unhealthy athmosphere of the place seemed to kill all life. I don't even recall having seen anyone laugh.

Cheap Jack

The freight pulled out of King City with my partner and myself and a large assortment of ' Bums ' mostly youngsters. This was the first time that I had ever travelled in such a fashion, but, with the exception of having great difficulty lifting the trap on the roof of the ' reefer ', I did Not find any trouble with this means of conveyance.

The only other occupant of this ' side door Pullman ' as it is called, was a young fellow from Detroit. He carried a small travelling case, and was rather well dressed for this way of travelling.

The freight went very slowely and was continually shunting into sidings wating for passengers to pass. However, we finally reached San Luis Obispo at six o'clock in the evening. At the station there was a group of bums that had apparently dropped off the previous freight. One of them was a huge Irishman who was apparently a little ' off '. He was very cheerful but on occasions would lapse into profound melancholy. He was continually lamenting the fact that he ever left the ' old country '. However, we found him a good companion and we stuck together for the next few laps of our journey.

At San Luis Obispo we went to the jail as it was very cold. The police lieutenant came from the little town of Naas just outside Dublin, and quite near where I used tolive. My Irish friend thought this was a good oportunity to ask for some money But this was unsuccessful.

The jail was very uncomfortable and dirty and I was glad to get out of there the next morning. We went over to the ' Jungles ' and I had my first meal of the famous Hobo dish known as Mulligan. A large percentage of the Hobos were Irish, and we

The next freight did not pull out till midnight so we built a fire and sat round it till midnight. We found that the midnight freight was all loaded up and the only place we could travel in was anopen car known as a Gondola. This was a large affair and wa s crowded with bums ~~xxx~~ two of whom were women. The freight pulled out immediately and we were on our way to Santa Barbara.

Ray Fuerst



Our trip to Santa Barbara was extremely uncomfortable owing to the fact that it was very cold and raining. The "gondola" was, as I have stated before, open so that we were soaked through and through. Naturally I didn't sleep at all. Our Irish friend, I forget his name, spent the night paking up and down singing songs without any recognisable tune. We finally reached Santa Barbara where we were taken off by the railroad "Bulls" because we were told, there were two girls travelling with us. They were dressed in "jeans" and ~~were~~ although very young, were far from prepossessing. They and their male companions were taken from the train and

we never saw them any more.

As it was in the early part of the morning and there was a steady downpour, we once more decided to stay at the jail. The door was opened by a young fellow who silently admitted us. He asked us if we had any guns, knives or razors, and showing us where to put our packs, such as they were, led us into a large heavily barred room with small cells on every side. I found out afterwards that this young fellow was serving twenty years for manslaughter. About half the cells were occupied

The place was stifling hot & I was unable to sleep on the concrete floor. When I finally did start to fall off a young

Mexican was brought. He was out of his mind with either drunk of drugs and kept yelling for his mother in English, until one of the other prisoners hit him over the head and silenced him. This ended by attempts to sleep and I was glad when day dawned.

Percy Green

The whole of the next day we spent lying in the sun in the Jungles, or Hobo camp, talking and smoking. There was no trains that day until midnight so we had plenty of leisure. The jungles were full. Groups of hobos had erected stone fire places and crude tables. The food, called Mulligan consisting of a mixture of vegetables and a little meat, was boiled in tin cans and eaten with bits of stick cut down like chop sticks. A large proportion of them were Irish and some of them gathered round our fire to talk about the ' old country '. Most of them had left Ireland before the War and seemed to think it had stood still in a changing world. They were amazed to hear that the automobile had almost replaced the horse, and there were three radio stations there. They inquired about the great political figures of their time, but I knew little or nothing about them. Some, indeed, I had never even heard of. On the other hand they knew nothing of the present political chiefs.

When the time came for dinner they started towards the town in one's two's and three's. These were foraging squads. The prospects were'nt very encouraging. This town's bummed to death, some of them said.

Our little group of three broke up for this business. Hamilton was to take one part of town, Irish another and myself the end near the jungles. I was far from optimistic. I had never done this before, and I had been in pretty tough positions. However, I decided to try. I went to various stores, but I must confess I lost my courage. Finally having a little money in my belt I bought a dozen large oranges. When I met Irish he told me he had no luck so I gave him the dozen oranges telling him I had ' bummed ' them.

Passing a small baker shop Irish decided to try his luck. The owner was a large forbidding looking female, and she told Irish she had no stale bread.

" Well, ma'am, I can still eat fresh bread, " he answered.

" Get out or I'll call the cops, " she roared.

The next place we tried was a large house in the residental section. At our knock the door was opened by a middle aged woman. We told her what we came for.

" We've got nothing to give you, " she answered. " Why did you come here ? "

" Because it's a big house. "

" Appearances are deceiving. " she smiled. " We are losing this place in a few days because we can't pay the rent. And we lived here nearly all our lives. " She paused. " Wait a minute. "

She left us a moment and returned with some partly cooked meat in a packet and gave it to us.

We managed to get some potatoes and some vegetables so we cooked Mulligan. Irish refused to peel the potatoes.

" This is a terrible country, " he exclaimed. " They never peeled potatoes in the old country. "

After this meal we sat in the long grass under a warm sun and once more smoked and talked. The subjects were the usual ones. The railroads and women. Few of them are interested in politics. There are numerous ' wobblies ' and Communists, but elections and other big events on the political horizon are seldom discussed.

We spent the night round a big fire waiting for the freight to pull. One old man slept in a box.car. He awoke several times complaining that he was sick.

" Guess I'm getting old, " he complained. " Pretty soon they'll be finding me dead in one of these things. " We could hear him breathing heavily in the dark. " I don't give a damn though. This is

the way I want to die. "

The others took little notice of him.

" They often find these old bums lying dead in some corner of a box car. They die of pneumonia or just give up. Knowbody knows who they are or where they come from. "

I was glad when the freight pulled in as I was feeling very depressed.

Percy Freer.

The freight pulled out of Santa Barbara at midnight. It was already moving when we discovered it, and I had great difficulty in getting myself and my pack aboard. We had a box car all to ourselves, that is Hamilton, Irish and myself. It being late we settled down to sleep, but what with the cold and discomfort I could not sleep. The wind whistled through the car.

After travelling for several hours we slowed down and finally stopped. It was very dark, but I could make out by the dim light of a lantern the name Surf, and I could hear the roar of the sea quite close to us. Surf was just a siding with a water tank from which we were taking water.

We were lying down looking out through the dim aperture made by the partly closed sliding door. Suddenly two sdaddows appeared and scrambled in.

" Anybody else in here ? " one of them asked. Hamilton said something which I have forgotten. They settled down in the far corner. We got into conversation. They told us various tales of the railroads. Mostly about brutal ' Bulls ', wild women and ' Flop Houses ' They spoke of the legendary towns where one could get ham and eggs in the morning and a similar banquet at night. This is a favorite topic of the hobo, but I never saw one of these famous places. They told us one story which I shall never forget. It was about a man whom they had met in a box car somewhere in the Middle West. He was pale and sickly, and he told them he had Tubercolosis and had not long to live. A Bull entered at one of the

stops and tried to throw them off. He tried kicked the latter in the ribs, and he immediately pulled out a gun and shot the Bull dead. The others were very scared. The assassin assured them that there was nothing to be afraid of. " I'll take the rap if there is any trouble ", he said. " He had it coming to him, and he got it. That's all. I don't care what happens to me. " They told many such a story of murder, robbery and suicide, whether they were true or not I do not know. However, many strange things happen among these outcasts of society.

Early the next morning we arrived at Glendale. Here the two newcomers jumped off and disappeared across many lines of track. Shortly afterwards Irish got his things together.

" I'm getting off here ? " he said.

" Aren't you coming into L.A with us ? " we asked.

" No. " was the answer. " I'm too well known to the police. "

So he also got off. The last I saw of him was moving his great body acrods the tracks. He turned and waved to us and was gone. I still remember his great cheerful face and one eye. I have forgotten his name.

When we ame to Glendale station Hamilton and I thought it was time for us leave the car. We had heard terrible stories of the L. A. Bulls, and their road gangs.

Neither Hamilton or I had ever been in Los Angeles before. However we got to the main road and kept walking till we got to the outskirts of the city. Then we crossed a bridge which brought us into the the industrial section. We were in terrible condition, but,

fortunately, it was very early in the morning and there were few people abroad. After enquiring we found the Mission where Hamilton intended staying that night before starting out for San Pedro. We went in and walked around. There was a couple of hours till breakfast, so we decided to go out and walk around. Finally the time came for so to go our different ways and to say good bye.

" Good bye, old fellow, and good luck, " said Hamilton. and held out his hand. We shook hands and I turned suddenly and walked off. I feel now that I was very cold and matter of fact. I was sorry to leave him as he was a great companion. He spoke little, but I knew I could depend on him if we got into any trouble. I never saw him again, and I don't suppose I ever will. I sometimes wonder did he manage to stowaway and get to the Hawiian Islands.

Percy Brown

Around three o'clock I started off from Salinas. The day was hot & I found walking slow and tiresome. The land here was flat & every half mile or so had a irrigation ditch running across it. Where one of these ditches ran under the road there was a part of white wooden rail. Every time I reached one of these I rested. I noticed that names had been cut in them, names of presumately of the gentlemen of the road. I found such names as "Slim" "Texas" with the date. etc. Cars flew by in a cloud of dust & still I trudged on. When it was getting late & whilst I was sitting on one of these rails I observed a figure several miles back toiling along. I presumed that he was another tramp like myself. Hours late he caught up with

me. He was about my own age and was heading for San Pedro where, being a marine engineer, he hoped to be able to get a ship to the Hawaiian Islands where he was, he said, sure of a job. If he couldn't get a ship at San Pedro he intended stowing away. He was a big man, but he was feeling sick on account of the warm sun and too much beer. Later, I found him to be a very fine fellow. Together we trudged along till finally we got a "lift" to Soledad. When we arrived there it was late. The town was small and apparently did not even have a jail where we could sleep if the worse came to the worst. Finally we discovered an open carpenters shed. Knee deep in saw dust, so we buried ourselves in this and slept till morning.

Early in the morning we set out. after walking for several miles we were picked up by a man in an old Ford heading for Greenfield, a small town where he worked. afte leaving him we set out on one of the longest marches I have ever taken part in. In an exceedingly hot sun we toiled along mile after mile. We were heading for King City twelve miles away which had fairly extensive freight yards. We hope to catch a freight train there. when we finally did arrive at King City we were thoroughly exausted I had ten cents so we bought some candy, otherwise we had nothing since the day previous. In King City we found out from other tramps, who were lying stretched out

on a wooden platform behind the station in the hot sun, that a freight had just pulled out. However we were lucky enough to get one half an hour later.

Percy Peer.

After my return to the city I once more got a part in a stock company. This, however, did not last long. I liked the stage, but unfortunately, I could not make a living from it, so I decided to give up all idea of professional stage work, but instead to do some amateur work.

I managed to get a job as repair man to a chain of movie houses. I did quite well at this, so I had enough money to go to the School of Art. This is a very beautiful building and I was very much impressed. I went to the night classes, which had,in my opinion,a very low standard of art. The members of this school were, for the most part, men that were working in advertising houses or newspapers. Every friday night they held a dance, and half an hour previous to it, a lecture on art. It had none of the Bohemian athmosphere of the Irish schools. Of course, the reason for this may have been the fact that the fees were very high, whereas, in Ireland the schools are free, and the pupils for the most part poor. It may seem strange, that in a society where traditions and class mean so much, that the artistic element of the population are extremely democratic. This is probably accounted by the fact that most of them come from the same class as Burns, that is the Peasantry, and are mostly Socialists. The so-called lower classes produce practically all the art in Ireland.

I did not stay long at the School of Art as it cost so much, and my job was petering out. I was desperately anxious to learn some trade or profession, so I entered a radio

school. I was there a month when my job gave out, and although I did not know enough about the subject I entered for one of the exams at the Custom House. I failed, however, to pass even the Morse Code test. So I was once more jobless.

I always had a great interest in the sea, so I decieded to try to get a job on a ship, but all my efforts were unavailing. Finally I obtained a job on a scow. This was an old barge with a broken down Deisel engine and an old Ford engine in the bows for dredging purposes. The captain or pilot was a one legged Dane, who was wont to fly into furious rages and rave for some time. The assistant pilot or mate as he called himself was a tremendous Swede only twenty seven years old. He was continually having rows with his boss. Once I had a fight with him, and we actually came to blows, he being much heavier and hardier than I,was the victor and I was thrown over board. However, the boat being low in the water I managed to crawl back again. Afterwards we became great friends.

I remained one this scow for some time although the work was very hard and the pay small. I enjoyed starting out across the bay in the early morning, with the rising sun dying one of the most beautiful bays in the world, crimson and orange.

One day I quit, and a new man came on board to take my place. He asked me what sort of an outfit he was going to work for, and I told him that the work was hard, the food poor, an d the wages low. Consequently, the next morning he failed to show up, so the captain had to come and ask me to come back. The

big Swede whispered in my ear to ask for more money which I did. Although the Captain was very much annoyed he granted my request. The last trip was an ill fated one. The sea was very rough, and close to two sharp rocks known as the twin sisters the engine broke down, and we werer forced to drop.the anchor anchor. For that day and into throught the night we drifted. Every hour one of us would have to man the pumps to keep the old barge afloat. In the morning we found that our food, which mainly consisted of hot cake flour, had benn ruined by the rats. So that we had nothing to eat. To make matters worse it rained and we were soaked. All our efforts to attrack attention by means of our siren failed. Finally a tug steamed up and towed us back to the dock. I drew out my pay and quit.

I never saw the Captain since, but one day I saw a ragged and down at heel individual walking along Valencia Street. It was the big Swede. He was out of work. His wife had left him leaving him without anything. A year or so later I again saw him. He was better dressed and a little more cheerful.

When I quit the theatrical troupe I came back to San Francisco with eight dollars. Fortunately, or rather unfortunately as it later turned out to be, a friend of mine told me about a job in South San Francisco which paid four dollars per day. A road construction gang were at work on the new road near San Bruno. They were mostly Mexicans.

I got the job of hosing the road that had already been done. The hose was about the same size as a fire hose, and was extremely hard to drag along. Another difficulty I experienced who when I left it down the force of the pressure of the water started it jumping all over the place. The third day I was working on this I got soaking wet, and the weather, at the time, being extremely warm in the noontime, & cold & damp round five when we knocked off, I developed a severe cold. To make

matters worse I could'nt find my coat, and when I finally did locate it my teeth were rattling. That night although I felt poor. I went back to the city for my bags The next day, although I felt ill, I went to work. I had great difficulty getting through the day, and when we knocked off at five I went home to bed & called the doctor. He informed me that I had pneumonia & that I was very bad. Of course he didn't have to tell me that I felt wretched. I had underestimated the effect of 2 years of poor & insufficient food on me. In the old country food is plentiful & cheap at least in the cities. as well as that it is less adulterated & devitalised than it is here. What poor food does not do in breaking down your

resistance the terrific strain of the struggle to exist accomplishes. In the old country luxuries are impossible to obtain, except of course, to the rich. There is little hope of advancement. In other words it is an extremely poor country. However, life is much more simple, and the general level of health is far higher. Your habitation is secure and your daily bread, although very plain, is always certain. An attempt to deprive anyone of these meets with the resistance of the whole countryside. I am not inferring that the people live a pleasant existance in Ireland, far from it. The majority of the peasantry wear dress far worse than the "bums" of America, and their food is probably not much better in quantity, but they have a far greater measure of security and consequently less strain.

For a week I lay in a small bare room in South San Francisco, on the point of death. Fortunately I was only semi conscious most of the time.

I remember just before I took a turn for the worse, the landlady, a fat + motherly old Irishwoman, saying "I'll look after you. I've done it before. I looked after my brother. Poor fellow — he died."

In three weeks time I was well enough to be taken back to the city by some friends. And in six weeks I was up again.

Percy Freer

I stayed in Los Angeles for a week and then started on my way back to San Francisco. As I was walking towards Glendale I met a fellow traveller bound for the same destination.

At Glendale we fell into with several groups all waiting for the north bound freight, which apparently would take some time to pull out. When it finally did so we all piled aboard like an army taking possession. There must have been a couple of hundred of us.

The journey was more or less uneventful up to San Luis Obispo. The weather was hot but by sitting on the roof of the "reefer" we got the cold breeze from the sea, so that we had quite a pleasant time inspite of certain handicaps.

Just as we were entering San Luis Obispo I had one of the most terrible experiences I ever had in my life. There was only one other occupant of the "reefer" besides myself. He was a young fellow somewhere round the age of twenty. He apparently had not had much experience on the freights, but I imagine he learned a lot about it on this trip. Just outside San Luis there is an extremely long tunnel through which, for some reason or other, the freights go extremely slow. When we reached this tunnel the guard signalled, as is their custom, and we closed down the traps. In spite of this, however, the smoke came in on us, the temperature kept increasing steadily until I thought I would never come out alive. I was soaked

in perspiration, and I was coughing and gasping for breath. It seemed as if the universe had slowed down and that I'd never see the daylight again. However, we finally did reach the other side and I immediately pushed up the trap & scrambled outside. The air seemed like nectar. I suddenly remembered my companion, and looking down I found he had fainted. I afterwards was told that we should have laid face down close to the running water at the bottom of the "reefer."

Percy Freer.

Oct. 16, 1934.

Autobiography of Edward Jordan

I was born on the American ship Princeton of which my father was Captain. She was lying in waters of Burrard Inlet off what is now Vancouver B.C. but was then known as "Hastings Mills". The ship was waiting to load lumber and sailed three weeks later for China. It was my first sea experience. Took, I did not appreciate it.

My mother's parents lived at Hastings Mills and my parents were married there four years previous to my birth. My maternal grandfather also a sea Captain from the State of Maine and my grandmother likewise from the State of Maine, had settled there some years before and my grandfather had gone into the Stevedoring business.

My mother was the first white girl to be married in the settlement and a great celebration was the result, the town cannon

being burnt in the process.

When I was a year and a half old the good ship Mannion, the home of my parents, my brother two years older than I and myself foundered about fifty miles South-West of Cape Flattery. This Cape which might be called the North West corner of the U.S. is noted for the storm wheat prevail in its vicinity.

The Mannion loaded on this trip with Coal for San Diego sprung a leak and was sinking water faster than her pumps could take care of it. My father foreseeing that the ship would founder sooner or later had set a distress signal, the ensign with union down, and the Barkentine San O'Shanter lumber laden seeing the signal changed her course and sailed by to take off the ships company. All were taken but one, a seaman, who was lost having been stove in by heavy seas.

The San O'Shanter getting

as close as she safely could in the storm, about 3 miles to leeward, prepared to receive us.

There had to be three boat loads, the boat returning twice empty except the men at the oars. The first boat held my mother, my brother and myself. The second officers and some of the crew and four men at the oars. After rowing the three miles, they maneuvered to get under the lee of the ship, and we were all with the exception of the boats' crew taken aboard one at a time in a bowline.

Being taken aboard in a bowline meant that the boat bearing off from the ship about ten feet was thrown a rope with a loop at the end. This was slipped under the arms, drawn tight and the subject to be rescued was thrown overboard, drawn thru the water and onto the deck of the rescuing vessel.

Every one reached the ship safely the first. My father was the

last one to leave the sinking ship with my mother has told me how she watched them as they glided away getting away!

It was necessary with the last boat for two men to stay aboard the sinking ship to cut the boat falls and then jump for the boat.

My father had on a blue flannel shirt and the first officer had also. My brother says the first officer jumped then the blue one but was not certain that either had landed in the boat until about an hour later when the boat came close. It was by that time growing dark.

When we were all aboard the San O'Keefe sailed away and about two weeks later landed us at San Francisco. My brother and I were the only ones with clothes other than those they wore, when we reached port. My mother had saved a pillow case full of clothes for my brother and me. The only thing

she saved for herself was her dead son's
coat which she wore over a calico
dress when she left the Mansion.

In next instalment will
relate incidents of my young
life.

Eavan Jordan.

October 22, 1934.

Autobiography of Edward Jordan.

After arriving in San Francisco following the wreck of the Marmion we were soon at sea again. My father had taken command of a new vessel, a small brig, the San Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands carrying supplies, livestock and passengers to Le Salais de and returning with raw sugar.

I have only a vague recollection of these trips.

After two years of this my father took command of a larger ship the Belvedere and again we put into the coal trade between British Columbia and California. We still lived aboard the ship except when we came to San Francisco. Then we went to a hotel while the ship discharged. These times ashore were great times for me. Stores, theatres and new people to see after being confined to the ship with only water for a scene and only the ships company to talk to.

I had another brother and a sister by this time, both born ashore. We were half and could scarcely be persuaded that I rode on deck in fine weather. The motions of the ship did not bother me and an occasional thunderstorm was only because it kept us in the Cabin.

The first Christmas that I remember was at sea. Like all children we expected Santa Claus and were told he would come from somewhere and the only sight was the mooring he was allowed to come from there. He finally did come and with what a noise a thumping on the deck over the Cabin a rattling of chains and at last a pounding on the cabin door.

When one of us opened the door there he stood, fur coat and leg big boots and a long beard. He asked each of us if we had been good. Of course we had or a bad said so. He then told us he would send us our toys, and to look for them in the forward Cabin in the morning. I then he kissed us Good night, and I remembered that his whiskers smelled like rope yarn. This however did not dictate my belief in his supposed identity but some years later I found out that he was our Chief Officer. Before Santa Claus left Mr. Luther took him into his office and gave him something sweet to keep him warm on his long journey back to the moon.

Next morning, as had been promised, we found just the things we had wished for all spread out around the Cabin stove together with a wonderful Christmas tree.

This tree had been made by the ships Carpenter. The trunk and branches were of wood turned in a lathe and painted green. The leaves were shavings dipped in green paint. It was illuminated with home made candles in homemade candlesticks and the whole turned on a pivot at the base.

My life on the ship went along about the same as any boys life on land. We had our occasional storm and were nearly shipwrecked once.

Frequently my mother took me to visit my grandparents in British Columbia and to stay with them while the ship made a round trip.

As I grew older my mother taught me my letters and later taught me to read.

When I was seven it was decided that I being the oldest there should go East to Boston,

the home of my fathers people, ~~and~~ to enter school and to stay there until my younger brother was of school age when it would be necessary for the family to live ashore so that the children could go to school. My father of course, would continue to go to sea.

Next I will write of my first and early school life.

Edward London

Up to this time I had been sailing under the English flag but in New York I got acquainted with Americans and afterward joined an American ship bound for California. I was second mate on this ship. That position on sailing vessels did not require a license so my not being an American citizen did not matter.

After two or three trips around the Horn and four trips to China I got a job ashore on one of the S. F. wharfs and four years later got married.

San Francisco was good enough for me and I took out my citizenship papers and have lived here ever since. I have seen the city grow and have been one of the builders. I have worked along the waterfront ever since. I decided to make S. F. my home. I have always done well and have raised a small family all of whom

are now grown.

Now I am getting pretty old for hard work, I am 73, but I have an easy job on one of the wharfs so keep in touch with ships and shipping. I would be lost otherwise.

Edward Jordan.

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October 29, 1934.

Autobiography of Edward Jordan.

Part III

When I was almost 7 years old mother, three younger children and I started for Boston via rail route. I shall always remember that trip. It was the first train journey of over twenty miles that any of us including my mother had taken. Father had to stay with his ship and after bidding him good bye at the Oakland Mole we started on our way. The youngest was only a year old and the rest of graduated ages up to me, the eldest.

Not accustomed to rail travel we had to learn by experience. Our lunch, put up by the ships cook, was sufficient for a family twice the size of ours. We must have estimated our needs on the basis of the appetites of five hungry sailors.

We also had hand baggage for
in excess of what an ordinary
traveler would have taken. In those
days a change of cars was made
at the end of each Railroad system
used as there were many of the changes
the transfer of our baggage was a considerable
job. Also changes of engines often entailed
a considerable waiting at the junction point.
It was summer and hot and the
journey of six days seemed unending
However we arrived at my grandfather's
home in fair condition and after
being given much need baths were
as good as ever.

My grandfather's family consisted
of himself, my grandmother and six
aunts & uncle, most of them school
teachers and of course of the Boston variety.
Their relation from the first were
naturally objects of their polite curiosity
and the speech of my brother and myself,
being mixed with Western idioms
and slang terms, a source of
unending amusement. Of many
occasions our sentences had to be
interpreted for them by my father.

After a week or so of the home
place we all went to Nantucket their
summer place at Monument Beach
Massachusetts. There we were more

at home as we were near deformation
tho I can remember looking with
great disdain on the small
yachting craft in these waters as
sized with the large ships I
was familiar with.

There were two row ~~boats~~
boats at the place and I thought
nothing of taking them out for a
short spell. My mother saw no danger
in this but it was to myself for my
grandmother who must have felt
like a hen that has hatched duck-
lings, on seeing them take to
water. I do this undercurrent was
forbidden me.

We had a fine time all that
summer and in the fall returned
to Boston. Shortly after that my mother
and my brother and sisters returned to
to San Francisco leaving me behind
to go to school.

My entry into school was an
event in my life. I had had some
teaching from my mother, but it
was unbalanced with the course
of study laid down for the school.
However I soon adapted myself

to condition and got along well.
My first weather was very fair and pleasant and that helped a lot.
My first experience with snow, in which I could play was a most delightful one. When snow fell on the ship's deck it was promptly shoveled overboard and there was little chance to play in it.
Some one had told me that if I started rolling a small snow ball and kept on rolling it thus the soft snow stuck it would get big. I tried this and found it true. After rolling it for some distance it reached quite an alarming size, so large that I was afraid of it but did not dare to leave it for fear it might scare some horse and that to me seemed a very serious thing. Finally some men came along and broke it up for me for which I was very thankful and greatly relieved!

V

After six months of school I was promoted to the second grade.

I felt greatly elated but was soon to find that there would be a great difference in teachers. The one I now had was roughly mean and sarcastic and I did not learn as rapidly as before. Also going to school was not anything but a pleasure. In fact the only pleasant memory I have of being in her class is when she was sick for some time and we had a substitute.

However I struggled thru the first year and entered the second year under her tutelage having two grades to teach.

In the meantime my life with my grandparents was happy one. Except that my aunts loved to dress me like Little Lord Fauntleroy. This I strongly resented and with the help of my grandfather the only other male member of the family, more or less defeated their designs.

I received quite a little

instructors at home but mainly in the family history (they came from early Puritan stock) American history and Bible history, not very interesting to a seven year old but which I have never forgotten.

After two years in Boston my father, mother, brother and sisters came for a visit and took me back with them to the Pacific Coast.

Next I will tell of my school life out here.

Emma Jordan.

November 5, 1934.

Autobiography of Edward Jordan

Part IV

When we started to the Pacific Coast from Boston we first went north to Montreal and there took the Canadian Pacific, then a new road that ran through at times, many miles of undeveloped and sparsely settled country. There was no dining car and we took our meals at meal stations. The meals and service were excellent but as the trains were often late we frequently got very hungry. Two or three times the train was stuck in snow but fortunately we had a lunch basket that helped out in these emergencies.

Thru the mountains, the Rockies and the Selkirks the scenery was beautiful but the weather was very cold as it was November.

We finally reached Vancouver, B.C. and from there went to Nanaimo. Our home was to be at a small loading port where my father loaded coal. Also known as Departure Bay.

We had a comfortable house and my brother and I entered

~~entered~~ school. It was vastly different from the Boston school. ~~We~~ I was with about six classes My brother, my sister by and myself were the only white children. The rest of the pupils about a dozen, were half breeds and other mixtures with Indian. Our teacher, however, was a well educated Scotch girl and a good instructor.

Then contact with half breeds and full blood Indians I soon learned to speak "Chinook" a jargon used between the whites and the Indians. It was quite necessary for people in this section to understand this language as well as English on the Indians for fish, game and furs. Also for entertainment if they could be persuaded to do it.

After two years in the North we moved to San Francisco and shortly after that to Berkeley where we lived for ten years, our children all going to school there.

Life in Berkeley was quite different from my early Pacific Coast life but I adapted

myself and went thru grammar school without any experiences different from the average boy of my age.

When I graduated from Grammar School we moved to the city and I entered a Polytechnic school here. I took a four years course and majored in Machine Design. I also took up baseball and foot ball much against the desire of my friends who thot athletics interfered too much with the course of study. Nevertheless, our football team, on which I played, a tackle, qualified for the finals and was beaten in the last game of the High School season, by Lowell.

About three months before I graduated I got a job, quite by accident, and went to work, this I was allowed to keep in contact with my school and study at home also to take the final examinations at which I passed and received

my diploma.

My job was with a large manufacturing Concern and I was hired to do machine drafting. As I was not always busy at this I was often put at any odd job that came along and thus got quite a thorough knowledge of the business. It was hard work, ten hours per day, but the fact that it gave me money to my pocket made it seem easy.

One man, the general foreman of the factory, took quite a liking to me and taught me a great deal about the details of the business.

As I was fresh from school and good at figures a good many problems were put up to me to solve. Few factory men at that time, even some of the best mechanics, understood much about mathematics, so I was somewhat of a necessity around the plant.

After three years on this,

my first job, I was put at Illuminating Co. Here the teaching of my friend, the general foreman, and a great deal made it of a technical nature that I did not possess, he was unfailing source for such.

Not long after this I was made assistant to the Superintendent. My good friend recommending me did not working hard for me to get the job this first full in a position where I should be over him.

I somewhat exaggerated the importance of my new position and promptly started to raise a mustache. I added to my dignity. However I worked hard and assumed all the responsibility that came my way and solved that did it. And I came in contact with all the executives of the company with whom I got along well and who seemed to like me.

The company that I was working for went into a country wide combine with a number of other firms in the same line. Many changes were being made and I was obliged to resign my position.

Next I will tell of my entry into business on my own account.

Edward Lomax.

November 12, 1934.

Autobiography of Edward Jordan.

Part V

A year after I had my promotion I gained the idea that my talents were not fully appreciated and that I could do much better for myself by running my own shop. A small business had been started but was not doing so well and I was given an opportunity to join this company as one of the firm and take full charge of the manufacturing. I jumped at the chance and severed my connection with the old firm.

The small plant was a different proposition from the old one. I had no one to lean on and no one to go to for advice when I needed it. Besides we did not have unlimited material to draw from but had to buy closely: payrolls were often hard to meet and conditions sometimes poor. I was in my former employment.

I had hadevidently made my choice and stuck with it. It was an uphill fight but I was young and

always hopeful and after a time things got better. We got new capital into the company and were enjoying a healthy growth when the earthquake and fire of 1906 came along

When the shock of April 18th, 1906 struck at 5:13 A.M. I was awakened from a sound sleep, got up quickly, took a look out the window and seeing no damage in our immediate vicinity - we lived facing the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park - went back to bed and to sleep. Soon my sister Agnes rushing in and begged me to get dressed and come down into the street where most every one had gone at once after the shock. I dressed carefully and came down, had a cup of coffee that my mother had made on a coal oil stove, and then started down town. No cars were running, of course, and I had to walk. The further I went the more damage I saw and I started to run.

People were all in the streets, some dressed, some fairly dressed and a few with very little on, they were practically naked. By the time I

got to the City Hall I was going pretty fast but paused to look at the wreck- -age of it that could be seen through the dust which still hung in the air around it. I then down Market Street, the sidewalks were piled high with broken glass and other wreckage. I took the middle of the street and hurried on. I turned down deserted Street and passed some cheap lodging houses that had collapsed and were being dug out the dead and injured. I did not stop as I wanted to get to the shop. When I got there things did not look so bad. The front of the building, a brick structure, had fallen first and the roof sagged inside and. Around the machinery and stock in good shape and that little damage had been done by the quake.

The employees started to arrive and pitched in straightening up the stock and sweeping up the dust. About twenty in all showed up but one by one they left when the fires as started to burn closer.

I had found that there was no water and that the building was

sure to go as I took all of the Company books and important papers out of the safe, tied them together in convenient bundles and with three men who had stood by me, left the plant.

My sailor instincts turned me toward the waterfront and we made our way over bricks and burned fires that were so hot that we experienced great difficulty and danger until we reached the Pacific Mail Docks. There I went aboard one of the large steamers whose Captain I knew very well and left our books and papers.

One of our employes, who had imbibed too freely that morning, had wanted to help and not caring to trust him with anything of value I told him to bring the typewriter. Never expecting to see him again, my surprise and relief was great when, sitting on the typewriter case in the shade of a pile of cargo considerably sobered up, I found him. When business resumed typewriters were scarce and much in demand and our machine that had been saved was of great value to us.

a number of our friends who were in danger of being burned out had sought shelter in our house and there were many to care for.

That night we watched the fire from the top of a nearby hill. It was burning in three sides, North, East & South of us and was an awesome spectacle.

The next morning I went down to Van Ness Ave to help some friends move their effects before the fire came up to that. It was moving day for everyone, the fire still sweeping on and no water to check it.

I rustled some provisions from a store that was being looted by the crowd, it would soon be burned anyway, & wheeled them home in a wheelbarrow that I had appropriated.

Toward evening of the third day word came that the fire was under control. Food started to come in, on the morning of the fourth day and soon the lines united the stores were restocked and resumed business.

The city was virtually under martial law and many restrictions were placed upon us such as putting out all lights at certain hours, and keeping off the streets at night and many others.

Edward Jordan

November 18, 1934.

Autobiography of Edward Jordan

Part VI

After the great fire was over and people began to get back to a normal frame of mind everyone it seemed turned their thots to rebuilding and re-establishing themselves. It was surprising to see the confidence and energy that was shown in this connection.

I and those associated with me, started in at once; the first move was to get our insurance adjusted and that was some job. The records that I had saved by towing them on the steamer were of great help and we got most of our insurance. With this money and a good Credit standing we ordered new machinery from the East. In the meantime, before our equipment arrived, we started to work with whatever we could patch up out of the ruins of our plant. The owners of the building started to rebuild

and our firm started work in the basement going up from floor to floor as each floor was finished. In a surprisingly short time, about three months, we were going as well as ever and with plenty of business.

For the next ten years there was little out of the ordinary in my daily and business life. The year by that time was going on and the plant ran day and night most of the time. The Panama Pacific Exposition came and went and I had not got any younger and felt myself to be in a rut. My associates did not care for expansion so, when an opportunity came to go over to a rubber company there forming, I seized it.

I was given full charge of the manufacturing of this rubber enterprise and put up a plant out of town. I invested in the company and was given a salary

contract for additional work, which I ~~did~~ used and became substantially interested.

We operated for several years at a good profit and expanded our plant and business always going ahead.

Our showing must have come to the attention of a large eastern firm for we ~~had~~ received a very attractive offer to sell to them. This company had no plants on the Pacific Coast and wanted to ~~acquire~~ as a nucleus.

Several of the larger stockholders and myself opposed the sale but others seeing a large quick profit favored it and the deal was closed.

The stock holders got three for one on their original investment besides the yearly dividends ~~that~~ that they had been receiving

I was for the first time

me into business life out of a job but as I had money this did not worry me. I felt that I would get into something and get going soon. Things however were not so good and I was very often and I only earned money occasionally.

It was the speculative era and that took considerable of my money. Finally I was broke and I was glad to accept help for which I was duly grateful. When the C.W.A. opened I needed a job and shovel job and was glad to get it. This job certainly ~~benefitted me financially~~ helped me along financially. When the C.W.A. projects were closed I had to work along as best I could until I was assigned to Dr. Radin's office - which I am still connected.

— END —

Edward Jordan.

I got a job in a factory where they made iron beds and worked there for about six months. After that I took a job in a large can factory and worked there steadily for several years advancing myself to the position of sub-foreman. I think I could have gone further but my lack of education stood against me. I can't write in any language. I can only read a little in English and figure and the only reading I can do is to read a rule or a scale.

I am now employed in a factory that makes tin bottle caps.

I have raised a family of four boys and they have all gone to school and I have seen to it that they have a fair education. The oldest two have good jobs and are helping out at home.

I am thankful that my parents took me to America where I have had the opportunity to give my boys advantages and an opportunity to advance to something better.

Edward Jordan.

Dec 19, 1934. 1698

Story of a man born in the U.S.A. who during his young life lived in extreme poverty and had a severe struggle for existence.

I was born a farmer in Iowa. My father worked the land on shares. Corn being the principle crop. My parents were Quakers of good stock and with the family I was large - ten children of which I was the oldest - so strive as we did we could only make out a bare existence.

My father and mother worked hard and we children as soon as we were old enough helped. It was a life of drudgery for all of us tho we always had enough to eat as we raised our own garden truck, chickens and hogs and always had a few milch cows.

After our corn was sold and we were given our share there were bills and expenses to be paid so there was little

left in the wages each out of our portion. This little had to last until the next harvest and help on then planting.

Our clothes were few and rough as we had no money to spend on clothes and what clothes we had were handed down from the older to the younger. We, ~~[illegible]~~ including my mother and sister, went bare foot except in the worst severe weather, and our house furnishings we just what we could get along with mostly home made.

I went to school when I could mostly in in the winter time and got a start in my education. Most of the boys and girls at school were not much better off than I was so I felt no embarrassment over my poor clothing. The only way that I knew of living, different from what we had, was from

the few books in our school library which we were allowed to take home ~~read~~ read.

I decided when I was about 14 that I would become a school teacher. My ambition was probably inspired by the fact that our schoolmaster was about the only man that I saw who habitually wore a white collar and shined his shoes. I studied to this end and was helped a great deal by Mr. Smith, our schoolmaster, who remained in our district for several terms. I managed to get three High School in a nearby town by getting a job working nights and Saturdays in a store. After I graduated from 14 grade I took the examination and got a rural teacher's certificate.

There were no openings around where I lived; times

were bad and those that had schools hung out there. So, after considerable thot and discussion with my parents, I decided to come to the Pacific Coast. I walked and rolled along the way, also learned to beat my way on freight trains and finally got to Stockton, Calif.

Cities did not have any use for me so I struck out into the country and at last hit Calaveras Co. There I filed application for a school. My Iowa Certificate helped me and I took a local examination and qualified. But I got no school.

I did not realize it then but my unbounded eagerness stood in my way. For instance, I did not have the knack of making a good appearance. I must have looked clumsy. I combed and brushed my hair over and over my shoulder, while I

could use good grammar and understand correct speech I would allow myself in ordinary conversation to slip into the middle west vernacular.

I got a job in the County road gang and worked there for several years always trying for a school. I improved myself and tried to be like the people but their first impression still held and eventually, after talking it over with friends I had made around my new home decided to try new fields.

I had no better luck than before. Most of the teachers were women, many from Normal school with up to date ideas so I stood no chance.

Finally I gave up as I saw it was no use and went back to odd jobs. So here I am, a school teacher that never had a school that I get along

alright and have forgotten my
early ambition

Zora Neale Hurston.

Merrimac

I was born on the American ship ~~Marion~~ Merrimac of which my father was captain. She was laying in waters of Burrard's Inlet off what is now Vancouver B.C. but was then known as Hastings Mills. The ship was waiting to load lumber and sailed three weeks later for China, so that my first sea experience took place at an early age.

Malvern Hills

My mother's parents lived at ~~Hastings Mills~~ and my parents were married there four years previous to my birth. My maternal grandfather was also a sea captain from ~~the state of~~ Maine and my grandmother, who was likewise from Maine, had settled there some years before. ~~and~~ My grandfather had gone into the stevedoring business.

My mother was the first white girl to be married in the settlement and a great celebration was the result; the town cannon burst in the process.

When I was a year and a half old, the good ship ~~Marion~~ Merrimac, the home of my parents, my brother two years older than I and myself, foundered about fifty miles southwest of Cape Flattery. ~~This Cape which might be called the Northwest~~ ~~[illegible] its vicinity.~~

Merrimac

The ~~Merrimac~~ heavily laden on this trip with coal for S.F. sprang a leak and was making water faster than her pumps could take care of it. My father, foreseeing that the ship would soon founder ~~sooner or later had~~ set a distress signal, ~~the en~~ ~~[illegible]~~ T, and the ~~[illegible]~~ bergantine, ~~[illegible]~~ signal, signaled back that she would stand by to take off the ship's company. All our boats but one, a small one, were gone having been stowed in by the heavy seas.

The Tam O'Shanter getting as close as she safely could in the storm about 3 miles to leeward, prepared to receive us.

There had to be three boat loads, the boat returning twice empty except the men at the oars. The first boat held my mother, my brother and myself, the second officer and some of the crew and four men at the oars. After rowing the three miles they maneuvered to get under the lee of the ship receiving us a[illegible] [illegible] it [illegible] [illegible] small first.

ship about ten feet was thrown a rope with a loop at the end. This was slipped [illegible] and the subject to be rescued was thrown overboard [illegible]. [illegible] reached the Tam O'Shanter safely though wet. My father was the last one to leave his sinking ship and my mother has told me how she watched through a spy-glass the last boat getting away.

It was necessary with the last boat for [illegible].

My father had on a blue flannel shirt and the first officer a red one. My mother saw the red object jump then the blue one but was not certain that either had landed in the boat until almost an hour later when the boat came close. It was by that time growing dark.

When we were all aboard, the Tam o'Shanter sailed away and about two weeks later landed us at S.F. My brother and I were the only ones with clothes other than those they wore, when we reached port. My mother had saved a pillow case full of clothes for my brother and me. The only thing she saved for herself was her sealskin coat which she wore over a calico dress when she left the Manzanar.

[illegible]

Continued.

After arriving in S.F. following the wreck of the Marinon and getting new outfits all around we were soon at sea again. My father had taken command of a new vessel, a small brig, the Meyers. She sailed between S.F. and the Hawaiin Islands carrying supplies, livestock and passengers to the Isalnds and returning with raw sugar.

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We still lived aboard the ship except when we came to S.F. Then we went to a hotel while the ship discharged. These times ashore were great times for me. Stores, theatres, and new people to see after being confined to the ship with only water for a scene and only the ships company to talk to. I had another brother and a sister by this time both born ashore. We were happy and contented in what to most people would seem a strange life. It was the only life we knew of we had nothing to miss. We had our toys and I had a velocipede that I rode on deck in fine weather. The motions of the ship did not bother us and an occasional blow now and then was an annoyance only because it kept us in the cabin. The first Christmas that I remember was at sea. Like all children we expected Santa Claus and were told he would come if we were good. As he had to come from somewhere and the only land in sight was the moon he was supposed to come from there.

He surely did come and with what a noise a thump on the deck over the cabin a rattling of chairs and at last a pounding on the cabin door. When one of us opened the door there he stood, fur coat and cap big boots and a long beard. He asked each of us if we had been good. Of course, we had or at least said so. We then told us he would send us our presents and to look for them in the forward cabin in the morning. Then he kissed us goodbye and I remarked that

his whiskers smelled like rope yarn. This, however did not disturb my belief in his supposed identity but some years later I found out that he was our chief officer. Before Santa Claus left my father took him into his office and gave him something from a bottle in the medicine chest to keep him warm on his long journey back to the moon. Next morning as had been promised, we found just the things we had wished for all spread out around the cabin stove together with a wonderful Christmas tree.

This tree had been made by the ship's carpenter. The trunk and branches were of wood turned in a lathe and painted green. The leaves were shavings dipped in green paint. It was illuminated with home made candles in homemade candle sticks and the whole turned on a pivot at the base.

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As I grew older my mother taught me m letters and also taught me to read. When I was seven it was decided that I, being the oldest then should go east to Boston, the home of my father's people. Enter sch l and stay there until my younger brother was of school age when it would be necessary for the family to live ashore so that the children could go to school. My father, of course, would continue to go to sea.

Next I will write of my trip East and of my early school life.

8

Wm. F. Jones .

Sept 1

When I was about 7 years old mother, three younger children and I started for Boston via rail route. Ishall always remember that trip. It was the first train journey of over twenty miles that any of us including my mother had taken.

[illegible] is only after bidding [illegible] goodbye at the Oakaland mole we were on our own. The youngest was only a year old and the rest of us graduated ages up to me, the oldest. Not accustomed to rail travel we had to learn by experience. Our lunch put up for a party.twice the size of ours. He must have estimated our needs on the basis of theappetitues of five hungry sailors. We also had hand baggage far in excess of what an experienced traveler would have taken. In those days a change of cars was made at the end of each railroad system and as there were many of these changes the transfers of our baggage was a sizeable job. Also changes of trains after entailed a considerable wait at the junction point. It was summer and hot and the journey of six days seemed unending. However we arrived at my grandfather's home in fair condition and after being given much need baths were as good as ever. My grandfather's family consisted of himself, my grandmother and six aunts of mine, most of them school teachers and of course of the Boston variety. Their relative from the West were naturally objects of their polite curiosity and the speech of my brother and myself, being mixed with western idions and seafaring terms a source of unending amusement. On many occasions our sentences had to be interpreted for them by my mother. After a week or so at the house place we all went to stay at their summer place at Monument Beach, Massachusetts. There we were more at home as we were near salt water though I can remember looking with great disdain on the small yachting craft in these waters as they did not compare at all in size with the large ships I was familiar with.

There were two rowboats at the place and I thought nothing of taking them out for a short trip. My mother saw no danger in this but it was too much for my grandmother who must have felt like a hen that was hatched out ducklings, on seeing them take to water. So this amusement was forbidden me.

We had a fine time all that summer and in the fall returned to Boston. Shortly after that my mother and my brother and sisters returned to S.F. leaving me behind to go to school.

My entry into school was an event in my life. I had had some teaching from my mother but it was unbalanced with the course of study laid down for the school. However I soon adapted myself to conditions and got along well. My first experience with snow, in which I could play was a most delightful one. When snow fell on the ship's deck it was promptly shoveled overboard and there was little chance to play in it.

Someone had told me that if I started rolling a small snowball and kept on rolling it through the soft snow that it would get big. I tried this and found it true. After rolling it for some distance it reached quite an alarming size, so large that I was afraid of it but did not dare to leave it for fear it might scare a horse and that to me seemed a very serious thing. Finally some men came along and broke it up for me for which I was very thankful and greatly relieved.

After six months of school I was promoted to the second grade. I felt greatly elated but was soon to find that there could be a great difference in teachers. The one I now had was homely cross and sarcastic and I did not learn as rapidly as before. Also going to school now was anything but a pleasure. In fact the only pleasant memory I have of being in her class is when she was sick for sometime and we had a substitute.

However I struggled through the first year and entered the second year under her tutelage she having two grades to teach.

In the meantime life with my grandparents was a happy one except that

[illegible] tried to dress me like Little Lord Fauntelroy. This I strongly resented and with the help of my grandfather the only other male member of the family, more or less defeated their designs.

I received quite a little instrudtion at home but mainly in the family history they came from early Puritan stock American history and Bible history, not very intersting to a seven year old but which I have never forgotten.

After twoyears in Boston my father, mother, brother and sisters came for a visit and took me back with them to the Pacific Coast.

Next I will tell of my school life out here.

Edward Jordan.

Con't

When we started to the Pacific Coast from Boston we first went north to Montreal and there took the Canadian Pacific then a new road that ran through at times, many miles of undeveloped and sparsley settled country. There was no diner and we took our meals at meal stations. The meals and service were excellent but as the trains was often late we frequently got very hungry two or three hours wait was not unusual but fortunately we had a lunch basket that helped out in these emergencies.

Through the mountains the Rockies and the Selkerks the scenery was beautiful but the weather was dry cold as it was November. We finally reached the Vancouver B.C. and from there went to Nariano. Our shore home was to beat a small loading port where my father loaded coal and known as Departure Bay.

We had a comfortable house and my brother and I entered school. It was vastly dififerent from the Boston school one room with about six classes my boother one another by and myself were the only whitechildren. The rest of the pupils about a dozen were half breeds and other mixtures with Indians. Our teacher however was a well educated Scotch girl and a good instructor.

Through contact with half breeds and full blooded Indians I soon learned to speak "Chunook" a jargon used between the whites and the Indians. It was quite necessary for people in this section to speak this language as we depended on the Indians for fish, game and berries. Also for certain work if they could be persuaded to do it. After two years in the north we moved to S.F. and shortly after that to Berkeley where we lived for ten years we children allgoing to school there. Life in Berkeley was quite different from my early sea and frontire life but I soon adapted myself and went through grammer school without anyexperiences different from the average boy of the age.

When I graduated from Grammar school we moved to the city and I entered a Polytechnic school here. It was a three years course and I [illegible]

up baseball and football much against the desire of our principal who thought athletic interfered too much with the course of study. Nevertheless, our football [illegible] played [illegible] last game of the high school season, by Lowell.

About three months before I graduated I got a job, quite by accident and went to work thought I was allowed to keep in contact with my school and study at home also to take the final examinations, at which I passed and received my diploma.

My job was with a large manufacturing concern and I was hired to do machine drafting. As I was not always busy at this I was often put at any odd jobs that came along and thus got quite a thorough knowledge of the business. In as hardwork ten hours per day but the fact that it gave me money in my pocket made it seem easy.

One man the general foreman of the factory took quite a liking to me and taught me a great deal about the detail of the business.

As I was fresh from school and good at figures a good many problems were put up to me to solve. Few factory men at that time even some of the best mechanics understood much about mathematics, so I was somewhat of a necessity around the plant. After three years on this my first job I was put at estimating costs. Here the teachings of my friend, the general foreman were of a great help and if at any time I needed information of a technical nature that I did not possess he was an unfailing source for such. Not long after this I was made assistant to the superintendent. My good friend recommending me and working hard for me to get the job though it put me in a position where I would be over him.

I somewhat exaggerated the importance of my new position and promptly started to [illegible] to suit my dignity. However I worked hard and assumed all the responsibility that came my way, and some that did it pay me some in contact with all the executives of the company with whom I got along well and who seemed to like me.

The company that I was working for went into a receivership with a view of

other forms in the same line. Many changes were being made and others contemplated and I was right in line for further information. Next I will tell of my entry into business on my own account.

Edward Jordan. 1073

Part V

A year after I had my promotion I gained the idea that my talents were not fully appreciated and that I could do much better for myself by running my own shop. A small business had been started but was not doing so well and I was given an opportunity to join this company as one of the firm and take full charge of the manufacturing. I jumped at the chance and severed my connection with the old firm.

The small plant was a different proposition from the old one. I had no one to lean on and no one to go for advice when I needed it. Besides we did not have unlimited material to draw from but had to buy closely paytrolls were often hard to meet and collections sometimes poor. These conditions I had not experieinced in my former employment.

I had however made my choice and stuck with it. It was the uphill fight but I was young and always hopeful and after a time thingsg ot better. We got new capital into the company and were enjoying a health growth when the earthquake and fire of 1906 came along.

When the shock of April 18, 1906 struck at 5:17 a.m. I was awakened from a sound sleep, got up quickly, took a look out the window and seeing no damage in our immediate vicinity we lived facing the panhandle of Golden Gate Park--went back to bed and to sleep. Soon my sister came rushing in and beggged me to get dressed and come down into the street where most everyone had gone at once after the shock.

I dressed carefully and came down, had a cup of coffee that my mother had made on a coal oil stove, and then started down town.

No street cars were running of course and I had to walk. The farther I went the more [illegible] I saw and I started to run.

People were all in the streets some dressed some partly dressed and a few with so little on they were practically naked. By the time I got to the City Hall I was going pretty fast but paused to look at the wreck or allof it that could be seen through the dust which still being in the air around it. Then down Market Street, the sidewalks were piled high with broken glass and other wreckage so I took the middle of the street and hurried on. I turned down Second Street and passed some cheap lodging houses that had collapsed and saw men digging out the dead and injured. I did not stop as I wanted to get to the shop, when I got there things did not look so bad. The front of the building, a brick structure had partly fallen out and part of the roof sagged. I went inside and found the machinery and stock in good shape and that little damage had been done by the quake.

The employees started to arrive and pitched in straightening up the stock and sweeping up the dust. About twenty all showed up but one by one they left when the fires, that could be seen on three sides of us started to burn closer.

I had found that there was no water and that the building was sure to go so I took all of the company books and important papers out of the safe, tied them together in a convenient bundle and with three men who had stood by me left the plant.

My sailor instructs turned me toward the watefront and we made our way over bricks and past fires that were so hot that we experienced great diffficulty and danger until we reached the Pacific Mail Docks. There I went aboard one of the large steamers whose captain I knew very well and left our books andpapers.

One of our employes who had imbibed too freely that morning, had

had wanted to help and not caring to trust him with anything of value I told him to bring the typewriter never expecting to see him again. My surprise and relief was great when coming off the ship I found him sitting on the typewriter case in the shade of a pile of cargo considerably sobered up when business resumed typewriters were scarce and much in demand and our machine that had been saved was of great value to us.

As soon as I left the ship she pulled away from the wharf and anchored in the bay so I was satisified that our books were safe for as long as I wanted to leave them.

After leaving the wharves I started for home but had to make a lon detour to get around the fire and the lines of soldiers who were stoppin people from going into danger. I saw many distressing sights, my way was through the tenement district and everyone was on the move and did not know where to go. Everyone was trying to carry as much as he could. Some were hysterical some dumb with fear and others dazed. I thought afterward that many that I saw must have lost their lives as the fire was not far behind me and I went along at a pretty good pace but many people were just standing in one spot not knowing where to go or what to do.

I finally reached home about 4 p.m. having had nothing to eat since morning. I found all well at home but little food as our supplies had most all been ruined by a 5 gallon can of coal oil spilling on them. My father had been able to buy a few groceries before the stores were cleaned out but I remember of our friends who were in danger being burned out had sought shelter in the home and there were many to care for.

That night we watched the fire from the top of a nearby hill. It was burning on three sides, north, east, and south of us and was an awesome spectacle.

The next morning I went down to Van Ness avenue to help some friends move their effects before the fire came up to them. It was moving day for everyone, the fire still sweeping on and no water to check it.

I rustled some groceries from a store that was being raided by the crowd it would soon be burned anyway, and wheeled them home in a wheelbarrow that I had appropriated.

Toward eveningof the third day word came that the fire was under control. Food started to come in on the morning of the fourth day and from then on we got our supplies via the bread lines until the stores were restocked and resumed business.

The city was virtually under martial law and many restrictions were placed upon us such as putting out all lights at certain hours keeping off the street at night and many others.

Autobiography of Edward Jordan

9'

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The motions of the ship did not bother us and an occasional blow now and then was an annoyance only because it kept us in the cabin.

The first Christmas that I remember was at sea. Like all children we expected Santa Claus and were told he would come if we were good. As he had to come from somewhere and [illegible] and in sight was the moon he was supposed to come [illegible].

He surely did come and with what a noise, a tramp on the deck over the cabin, a rattling of chains and at last a pounding on the cabin door. When one of us opened the door there he stood, fur coat and cap, big boots and a long beard. He asked each of us if we had been good. Of course, he had or at least said so. He then told us he would send us our presents and to look for them in the for ard cabin in the morning. Then he kissed us goodbye and I remarked that his whiskers smelled like rope yarn. This, however, did not disturb my belief in his supposed identity but some years later I found out that he was our chief officer. Before Santa Claus left my father took him into his office and gave him some ethin from a bottle in the medicine chest to keep him warm on his long journey back to the pool.

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Part VI

After the great fire was over and people began to get back to a normal frame of mind everyone it seemed turned their thoughts to rebuilding and re-establish ing themselves. It was surprising to see the confidence and energy that was shown in this movement. I and those associated with me, started in at once; the first move was to get our insurance adjusted and that was some job. The records that I had saved by stowing them on the steamer were of great help and we got most of our insurance. With this money and a good credit standing we ordered new machinery from the East. In the meantime before our equipment arrived we started to work with whatever we could patch up out of the ruins of our plant. The owner of the building started to rebuild and our firm started work in the basement going up from floor to floor as each floor was finished. In a surpisingly short time, about three months we were going as well as ever and with plenty of business. For the next ten years there was little out of the ordinary in my daily and business life. The war bytthat time was going on and the plan ran night and day most of the time. The Panama Pacific Exposition came and went and I had not got any younger and felt myself to be in a rut. My associates did not care for expansion so when an opportunity came to go over to a new company then forming, I seized it.

I was given full charge of the manufacturing of this new enterprise and put up a plant out of town. I invested in the company and was given a sales contract for additional stock which I used and became substantally interested. We operated for several years at a good profit and expanded our plant and business always going ahead. Our showing must have come to the attention of a large eastern [illegible] This company had [illegible]

[illegible] three for one on their original investment beside the [illegible] that they had been receiving.

I was for one the first time in my business life out of a jobbut as I had ~~scarcely~~ money this did not worry me. I felt that I would get into something and get going soon. Things however were not so good and time went on and I only earned money occasionally.

It was the speculative era and that took considerable of my money. Finally I was broke and was glad to accept help for which I was duly grateful. When the C.W.A. opened I drew a pick. This job certainly benefited me physically and helped me along financially. When the C.W.A. projects werec closed I had to worry along as best I could until I was assigned to Dr. Radin's office with which I am still connected.

Research Dept.

Biography Of. Adolph Forth. Continued.

In the early days on the farm All the children had to begin work very young, beginning with light work depends on their ages and physical condition, myself I was considered small but the wiry ligimus type, all muscels, in fact most all the youngsters in that part of the country were the muscilar type which was developed through physical labor, My first field work was at the age of nine years old, when I drove two horses harrowing the following year I did considerable plowing with a two horse stubble plow, I was not strong and tall enough to lift the plow, Being that I had the two best trained and faithful horses to full the plow, it made it the task much easier, in fact the two horses always were my pets, they were almost human, it seemed that they understood most anything that you would say to them, and they would generally do as you asked them. They apparently realized that they were not worked as hard as when the older brothers drove them , as dad instructed me not to work too hard, and when I get tired I would stop at the end of the field to rest while doing so I would let the horses graze a little and they no doubt enjoyed this very much, As stated before, that I was not tall enough to lift the plow, at the end of the field, I would gauge the horses and tild the plow on its share edge so that it would catch a full furrow, but it was necessary to stop the horses at the beginning of the furrow to allow me to tild up the plow. Occasionally the plow would hit a rock, my head being almost even with the plow handles, the handles would hit my head, and would sometimes leave black and blue marks, this would cause me to become very discouraging, and would cause me to loose the desire for the work, but there were no quitters on the farm. At the age of seven and eight, during the

summer months I had to heard the cattle, numbering from 75 to 110 this was great sport on account having a small riding horse with a saddle, this horse was partionally trained for herding cattle and would never leave its master, and would drive and round up the cattle by it self almost as well as with the rider, in addition with the old faithfull shepard dog it was an easy matter for most any young person heard the cattle, occasionally the grazing land was adjacent to grain or corn field that would require close attention when any of the cattle start for the grain or corn field. Old shep was called the pointing of the hand be sufficient for shep to know what to do. Also the cows would know what shep would do to them, the treatment they sometimes got was rather severe, The dog would treat the animal accordance with their nature, Generally shep would play from the back and nip their hind legs or rather close to the hoofs, and if you would hollar loud and severly he would bite them hard enough to draw blood. The bull was very large and would get very ugly at times in fact he did not like shep, and shep was on a watchout for him most the time. Occasionally the bull would want to steel a few bites of the forbidden grain, This generally would cause a big fight between the dog and the bull. at these fights I always got on my horse but always kept a distance from the fight, for fear that he may attack the horse or myself. the fight generally wound up a bloody nose and bloody hoofs for the bull, well shep did get a kick in the ribs occasionally, but always came out the winner, The fight was allowed to run until the bull become somewhat exausted, or else he would give in and run for the heard at which time then shep was called off, Shep would always fight with the bull until he was called to stop which he obeyed promptly, we knew that the fight was won when called off, otherwise it was believed that the dog would have fought until he killed the animal. First he would bite the animal [illegible] in the nose, then the animal showed lots of resistance

would then jump for their throat, this practice we would not permit under any circumstances, and sheep knew this, but when the animal showed too much resistance it would make him angry, and he would then display his nature. In this heard of cattle we had two old cows that we trained to ride. sometimes we would ride the old cows for a change and let the horse and dog drive the cattle, especially when the neighboors kids were with me, this we thaught was great fun to ride the cows and let the dog, Sheep. and the horse Nel. drive the heard, Both would walk back and forward, when there were any of the cows walking too slow. This we would do only when coming from the grazing field only. I was very fond of fresh milk, very seldom did I take water with me, but instead I carried a cup. when thirsty I would go to a cow and get some fresh milk to drink. Most all of the youngsters were fond of raw eggs, During the latter part or after June we most always carried with us a little box of salt , in that country in those day there were many wild doves, prarie chickens and quails. We generally knew where to find fresh eggs when we were hungry. also wild onions, wild potatoes. or rather indian potatoes. they were to be found most anyplace, they are very good eating when young and tender. We would dig up many allow them to dry in their shells. Later we toasted Indian potatoes. Then dug up, at the proper time would taste similar to chestnuts. when toasted.

My father had a mussle lading shot gun which he received during the indian war in So Dak. This gun was carried in the wagon every day when out in the field, for to get prairie chickens, quails and jacksnipes, also for wild geese and ducks during the flying season. We used to have several straw stacks about fifteen feet from the house in the fall of the year when the geese flew south. Many nights we would have small piles of straw and start them afire, this would light up , this would attract the geese and they would fly directly in

the location or light, they would come nearer and nearer. but it would be rather diccicult to see them until they got real close we would be hidden away under some straw,, the gun loaded with buck shot, as soon as we could see them we would shoot into the flock. then listen to hear if any of them would drop, One night we were very fortunate in dropping two geese with one shot. This however we did not consider any great sportsmenship. We found it more thrilling to do our hunting in the day time, we would watch for a flock of geese to lite in the corn field. that is after the corn was husked and late in the fall, when a flock would lite, we immediately would get the heard of cattle at least fifteen or twenty amongst these we would take the two old cows that we used to ride. One would drive the heard the other would get on one of the cows flat on its back with the gun geese will not fly away from a heard of cattle until real close, at which time when close he would shoot this proved out to be a success due to the two cows that we could ride. Prarie chickens would generally stay in the grain or stubble fields, this was a more difficult task many times I crawled on my hands and knees for a quarter of a mile in furrows, then occasionally to get closer in range I would almost slide on my stomach for a block or so in the stubbles so that they mou could not see me, and always from the wind or breeze, as they can always detect you if coming from the wind, with the old mussle lading gun that scattered the shots considerably, we were able to get if trained on two that were close together , manage to get two with one shot.. Quail hunt was more succesfull they generally bunch up, in which case have succeeded in securing mmm as high as nine quails with one shot. We also secured Rabbits and prairie chickens with figure four and drop door traps. This is a very successfull method also inexpensive, and does not injure the animal or bird in the least.

this however is not [illegible] sport, [illegible] going [illegible] a rabbit hunt [illegible] in a morning after a snowfall during the night. You can generally select the size rabbit that you want, by the tracks in the snow this when accustomed to tracking rabbits does afford lot of fun. in fact it sometimes becomes a puzzle to follow the tracks that you started out with. A rabbit before he layes down for the day does not leave a strait path behind but double crosses his own path, and after t that will make several sideway jumps sometimes three to four feet this is done in order that any trailer dogs or human may loose his scent. after making several side jumps we will then go for another short distance or until he finds a suitable spot to lye down and j generally is found lying in a low burch of brass, or low spots if can be found. Very seldom you can detect a jackrabbit from snow in the winter months, Im as the summer days approaches they turn more grey

I recall the first live thing that I shot, [illegible] afternoon I was seven years old, was not strong enough to hold the gun to shoot. My little sister and myself were left at home on a Saturday afternoon in a cold fall day, a half inch ice had formed on the water in the [illegible] creek nearby the house. We heard a goose calling we went to see and saw a wild goose on the ice in the creek. I rushed for the gun which was always loaded. I sneeked up to the bank, layed down and trained and leveled the gun on the goose, and sure enough I shot the fowel this was a surprise to the folks when they returned home. They thaught that I was too young to fool with a gun, This was quiet an event for me. The only way I could accomplish this was to place the gun on a rock and level it until in perfect sight of the goose. then pull the trigger. But this left a memory, or rather a sore shoulder that stayed with me for a week. the gun was one of those that kicked like a cannon, when she was loaded with a heavy charge, as they generally did load the gun during the fall season when the geese did fly.

To be continued.

By A. Forth.

San Francisco, Calif. Nov. 5-34.

Mr Paul Padin. Mgr;
Reserch Department.

Biogr; Of Adolph Forth. continued.

On account there being so many children in the family, it generally was a lively spot for the neighber boys and girls to come to and always found some of the kids at home, as stated before father has a work shop, which place was very seldom idle, most always some one would be making some little thing, toyes, home made carts, repairing of bicycles and whatnot, my first bicycle was one of the old type a very large wheel in front and a small one behind, the front wheel being so large it was necessary for me to take a run then step on step before I could get on the seat, this bicycle caused good many spills, and did not last very long, as it was impracticable to make long trips on country roads. at the age of twelve I purchased a chainless bike this was a real treat, as I could travel most anyplace day or night with a lamp. This bike I purchased from the money that I made or my share of the money received from pigeons that we raised every year, we used to sell as many as five hundred a year, for which we received 30¢ to 40¢ a piece. This money was divided up amongst all the children over five years of age, and under a gratuate scale, the oldest would get ten percent more then the second oldest and so on down until the youngest would receive possibly a dollar or two some of the youngest who did not know the value of money, Dad would act as trustee for them, but the others would receive their amounts to use as they see fit, and they all were quiet capable in managing and to receive the most for their money, occasionally by the advise of the older ones. This was a happy and well organized family until our mother took sick and died when I was eight years of age. For several months after her death I do remember very destinctly that the entire family was disorganized, First Grandma tried to keep house

but this was too much for her account of being in her eighties. hired girls would not stay long account too much work, and dad could not pay them as well as they were getting in towns. however in three or four months dad managed to pull himself together again and organize all the work on the ranch, and found that we get along very nicely without outside help. My eldest brother was made manager of the farming question, the next brother was manager of the livestock then the next brother was in charge of the dairy cows and horses, myself of the pigs and chickens, my sister mistress of the house. my father being the general manager and cook. shortly after I was appointed as cook at the age of about nine. in fact most all the older brothers were skilled very good knowledge of cooking that is plain home cooking, such as cooking and frying chickens, other meats, making of dumplings, noodle soup, egg omlets, etc. but we found that there were no such cooking as mother used to make, we all missed her so much. Grandma lived in a small town named scotland which was ten miles from our ranch, she used to come over about once a week,and fix nice meals as mothers, While dad was good hand at cooking, however he had too much to tend to that he could not plan meals as well as he would liked to, Then came the sewing and mending, on a rainy day and in the winter months dad did prepare the cloths and enough for the summer months, in fact he made our overhalls and work shirts, while they probably were not quite as well made as ready made, but he generally purchased quality of cloth that made them last.. He also had a shoe cobblers outfit, with which he mended and half soled our shoes, also made harness for the horses, he made several sets of harness, one set very fancy for the buggy horses, We had a three seated top buggy and another one seated light top buggy. When the farm work was not too pressing, saturday afternoon of each week all that could would climb in the big buggy

to town we would go, Dad and all, dad would do the shopping and us youngsters would parade the streets. That was the custom in that part of the country, children would go to town when possible. they would have when the weather permitted, have foot races, horse races. and other miner intertainments. This town of Tyndall a county seat featured the intertainments to draw business from other towns. This also had an effect to work up much inthusasm for their fourth July celebrathion. This was the biggest day of the year. And what fun. One year they built a race track which was one mile around fifty to sixty feet wide, principally for bicycle racing. at the age of twelve I entered a five mile race, for boys under twenty, in which I scored third. with twenty five entries. But I did not score very well in catching the greased pig. The one that caught and held the greased pig received two dollars in cash. I think the most fun was the slow mule race. the slowest mule or the mule that came in last would win. the owner would change off and ride another mule, therefore each rider would try to ride the other man,s mule the fastest and leave his mule behind, in fact some mules would creep along, buck and all sorts of things, this would take over half an hour to make the mile run. [illegible] then came the trotting horses, foot races, Indian tug of war, in which the indians from a reservation west of there would generally win the price. Celebrations in those days differ considerably from our present, in those days they were chucked full of inthusasm for children as well as grown ups. after dark their dance started, a platform covering nearly a block, with a very strong orchestra band furnishing the music, with approximately fifty pieces, their instruments consisting mostly of brass instruments. The dance would continue until day break, We all knew some of the boys band over, by hearing well the music was loud but that is all you could say for it. so the [illegible] had as much fun out of it as the rest of the crowd

[illegible] sport he would stay as long as us youngsters wanted to stay, and that was early in the morring., He would never go into a saloon for a drink, but he would drink a glass of beer or a snops in a private place with his friends. In this I recall that dad used to have a bottle whiskey in the house at all times for any one that wanted a drink, but none of the youngsters ever touched it. but his tobacco the old Bull durham, he had to keep it locked up, otherwise he would find himself short on tobacco. In fact we thaught it great sport in snitching some tobcacco from dadds tobacco box., after a while he got wise , and kept it locked up.

Things went along fairly well, until one day dad told us that we would have a new mamma, and that sunday we all went with dad about ten miles to where she lived , and she had four children, they were married a month later and came to our house, the oldest girl being my age. Things went along nicely for a while, but after five or six most months friction started between the two sets of children., causing ,more or less trouble in the family circle, Myself being the black sheep, I was picked on by the step mother, The oldest daughter and myself could not get along, and I was in the wrong nearly every time. Things got worse as the days went on which made me very unhappy At the age of fifteen, one sunday morning she started to beat me up I made my get away and hid in a straw stack, until that afternoon when some boy friends of our came over to visit. I had decided to run away. The boy friend help me out . I went with him that evening and stayed at his house without his folks having any knowledge at day break he loaned me his bicycle a fairly good size of bread and a piece butter also some homemade [illegible] sausage. wit twenty cents in my pocket I started out, I rode to our home town Tyndall tried to get a job but could not pick one up immediately. so started to the next town west of there, I could not land a job, came back about three

o'clock the same day, very hungry on account riding the bicycle for about thirty miles, I proceeded to [illegible] of my twenty cents caught a nickle woth crackers and a nickle for belogney. this was a satisfactory meal for the day. After having my enjoyable meal decided to look around with view of finding a job, In turning a street corner I saw my father and brother driving accross the street, in serch for me as I expected. I quickly turned the corner and called in at the flour mill a young man employeed there that I knew very well and he informed me that they were looking for me. This was after four in the afternoon, I immediately started out for Yankton . which is a town of approximately eight thousand. population, and a distance of about fifty miles from Tyndall. I traveled about twenty miles that [illegible] evening, over all kinds of wagon roads, arriving at a farm house the [illegible] coal oil lamp light shining through the window this looked good to me, I stopped and asked to stay over night. fortunately they were having their supper, I was invited to eat with them, This I could not refuse as I was very tired and hungry., I was not questioned until in the morning, As they suspected me a wondering boy. He then gave me breakfast and a little lunch to take along. I again was on my way. The roads at times were very bad. nothing better then a cow trail. however the last ten miles was good. arriving at Yankton about eleven am oclock. I noticed a brick building being constructed, A Masonic Temple. I applied for a job, and was ask what I could do. I informed the foreman that I was capable to do the same work as the other men, pitching and hauling brick with wheelborrows. He did not thing I could do it. I informed him that he could pay me whatever I am worth, He informed me to go to a certain place for my room and board, as I did not have any money. and report for work the next morring , saturdays was pay day. not a word was said about pay, saturday morning the boss called me aside, and said I have done as much work as any man on the job, and my pay would be same as the other men. $2.50. This was lots of money

for me. board and room was 75¢ a day. after my first pay day, I returned the bicycle which I borrowed , which cost me about a dollar express charges. I stayed on the job until the three story brick walls were finished, from there applied to the Great Northern round house foreman for a job filling coal buckets to coal their engines at ten cents a bucket weighing approximately five hundred to possibly eight hundred pounds a bucket.. approximately a month had passed, through some information my father found out that I went to Yankton. Our preacher Mr Sattler a dear friend of dads came to Yankton in serch for me, he located me. he was a very fine man, we had quiet a talk he understood the circumstances surrounded our home. he told me that he would like to take me home with him if I cared to go. But I could not see the idea at all. As I was a happy boy,free making good money and having a good time. So he invited me to come back soon as I care to. I informed him to tell Dadd that I was at Yankton now, but would be leaving in a day or two for a long distance. and not to look for me. the following night I gave a freight breakman with whom I formed an acquaintence at the boarding house two dollars to take me to Sioux Falls.S.D. to work in a coal shed there at ten cents a bucket. this was my first train ride. I was given an empty box car which gave a full view of the country a distance of about eighty miles. On my arrival there secured the job that I was after.. stayed with the job for a month or so, when I was offered a job in a brick yard hacking brick, by which I made four to five dollars a day this was big money those days, winter set in and the yard closed down, secured a job on the ice wagon temporarly, applied at the brewery and was given a job plaining large beer storage barrels on the inside. From there secured a job on the section gang replacing old ties and reconditioning the road bed. this was late in the fall and the snow began to fly, my two mates and myself decided to head for St Louis

(To be continued next week)

1473

San Francisco, Calif. Nov 26-34.

To Paul Radin. Mgr;
Research Dept.

Biography of; Adolph Forth. Continued.

Continued from last week.

The two weeks visit at home was enjoyed very much, Dad arranged to leave the buggy team so that I may use them to drive and go where I wanted to. Knowing that dad did work rather hard, one morning pleasant day coming, they were preparing to do some work in the field mowing but the boys could do this without his presence I insisted that he take a day off and we would drive to town, it did not take much persuation for him to come along, this seem to have been a very enjoyable day as well as a nice rest for him, we had a good time. During this visit my step mother was very nice, but I could see that she felt guilty and I am sure that she realized that she was the cause of me leaving home, And I feel it was all for the best. After two weeks packed my suit case and dad took me to town to catch the train for St Paul. Our preacher, family doctor and several others of my fathers old palls that lived in town met us to bid me farewell, Traveling on a pass they all thought that it was wonderfull arriving at St Paul, visited the assistant Suprintendent of the Soo Line. and he offered me a job as relief agent, Being that I have had enough of that kind work declined, so he insisted that I help him out for several weeks, to relieve the agent at Glen Flora Wis. This was a small village, a logging center, Four saloons, two stores two small hotels, On my arrival there were no night accomodations available, except a bed in an annex to one of the hotels, in fact I would call it the wood shed, Pain, that this was the only bed available I put up with this for two nights until other arrangements were made for a room. The first morning bright and early, woke up with a surprise to see a porkepine prowling around in the room.

Three weeks at this place cured me with the Soo Line and also Wisconsin. When the regular agent returned, No questions were asked but a jumped on the first passenger train for St Paul, Then was asked to go to Jamestown No. Dak. which suited me much better, and this was only about twenty miles from where my oldest brother was. Arriving at Jamestown, stopped at a hotel where most all railroad men were stopping. At this place formed an acquaintence with the chief clerk of the Great Northern, Supt. Office. After a few weeks, He asked me to come to his office that the Suprintendent wanted to see me. There I was offered a job as traveling relief auditor, this job paid very good money, and all expenses, however only temporarily, at that it lasted for five months, when the regular man returned. Then I was given an agency after christmas. stayed with this job until late in the fall, when the snow was flying, this station was located on a branch line, we had a severe storm, and did not have a train for over a week. Being that there was nothing business in town during this tie up The depot having a nice large waiting room and a good floor, we decided to have dances in the evenings and all the young people and older ones would enjoy themselves very much during this tie up period. During the week of this tie up the thermometer recorded as much as forty below Zero. The cold weather and strong winds did not appeal to me. Decided that would go farther west. After several weeks they send a man to relieve me. Secured a pass and went to Huron S.D. where they offered me a job as cashier on the C & N W Ry. at Yankton, S.D. which was only about thirty miles from my home. this appealed to me very much. However they insisted that I go to Fierre S.D. first, and take the ticket agents job there, this was nearing spring, and at the opening of the Indian reservation west of Fierre, They expected a very heavy passenger business into Fierre, land seekers, and it proved out to be so, Two to three passenger trains arrived daily with hundreds of people

to file on homesteads. All of which held return tickets, and these tickets had to be validated before they could return, This was a big job, and they held me there for several months before they sent me to Yankton. This was a lively place during the land rush. During this time the Indians west of the Missouri River that had their allotment of lands adjoining the reservation that was being opened to settlers learned of the influx of the white people, feared that they were going to loose their lands, they started to sweep down on the settlers that had squatted on lands selected. Being that there were approximately three thousand Indians on a war path coming down on the white settlement all settlers left and came to Pierre Until the arrival of two train-loads of troops to check their advance, It was then made clear to them that only a certain portion of land was opened to the white people. and that they would not be bothered, this question was then settled and the indians withdrew. They were known as the Blunt Indian Agency. Very few of the settlers went back to their lands without being equipped with somekind of a wepon for defence. in case of future trouble.

At Fort Pierre across the river Scottie Phillips had a buffalo ranch, with approximately 150 buffaloes. Occasionally Scottie Phillips was seen to drive his buffalo teams around the town. after making his acquaintence, he gave me the opperturity to drive one of his two span team around town. this was thrilling. The young buffaloes can travel at a very high rate of speed. Do to some cause they became frightened, and I received a ride that was much faster then I care to travel in a light sulkey, and it was difficult to calm them down. Not many people had nerve enough to drive the animals. As a person could never depend on of what they were going to do next. These two buffalo teams gave considerable amusement to the large number of land seekers. also during this time some one promoted a genuine

indian war dance. Some seventy five or hundred picked indians from the reservation, or Blunt Indians, were brought to Pierre and trained for a week or so. The dance was staged in a wooded spot adjoining the river. A charge of twenty five cents was made and half was given to the indians, also pennie showers were given to the young children of the indians. The dances were staged every night for three weeks. This was not a calm affair but a natural and a real act of their nature. The ph dances would last an hour one to two hours, depends on how soon they could stop them after they become excited. The first part of the dances would be more or less calm until they people were, and excited, ther is when the smiles a laughters dissapeared from the faces of the white people, in fact many became frightened that they would leave. Their chief would occasionally have difficult in controlling them. The an performance was staged step by step, from the time the worriers are called to arms until ready for actual fighting. In the last part of the performance some of the male indians actually became so excited that they appeared to be in a wild stage of mind. The squaws were more calm, but nearly all of them would join in on part of the dance principally in the last part, with their papoose strapped on the back if any. most of which had a number of youngsters. The indians had their own tam tam or drummer. and he would never stop beating the drum until stopped by their chief. and the worriers would continue their dance with their war hoop cries. In order to stop them in a calm manner , the manager of the performance would start the pennie shower, this would start a scramble on the stage by the youngsters and also the squaws, and would force the war dance to stop. War dance of this nature had an effect on some of the spectators, causing some to become frightened and left. A performance of this kind where real nature is displayed is worth much to see.

After being released at Pierre, was sent to Yankton to fill permanent position as operator, this was a nice job, and this I stayed with for over a year, and this was the time of the money stringency, when scrip was used in place of money, except that the railroads could not accept scrip all bills had to be paid in cash, for remittance to the main office in Chicago. I was allowed to accept scrip in payment of freight charges and tickets providing it was good at the bank, this would be taken to the bank in exchange for cash, and it was that the banks would not give out currency for several month instead they would give all silver, I do recall one day my remittance was a little over one thousand dollars, this was given to me in dollars silver. A thousand dollars is about all one person wants to carry in bags. After having served at this station for over a year, felt that it was time to make another change, at this time decided to come to the west coast. Resigned and asked the Superintendent for a pass to the west this he would not grant saying that I would have to stay another six months at which time he would give me a pass to wherever I wanted to go. Being that I had a union telegraphers card, decided that I did not need a pass, I finally was released, paid a short visit at home then rode on my Union card to Sioux City where I was well known, the Superintendent gave me a pass to Omaha. that was as far as he could issue a pass on the C & N W Ry. from there it was the C B & Q Ry. Called on the Superintendent there with my Union Card and he issued a local pass to the next division point, from there I rode with a conductor on my card to Billings Mont. Billings in those days was a real frontier town wide open and everything going in full swing. And found that many telegraph operators could not find jobs due to the money stringency and depression so I did not make any effort for a job. After a few days stop at Billing rode on my card to Spokane Wn. with passenger conductor. Taking in all of the sights to see, decided it was time to look for a job. I was told

by several operators that there was no chance for a job, as they have tried all roads. However this did not discourage me in the least. Applied to the CWP & N. with my agent letter of recommendation. and was immediately sent to Arlington Oregon to relieve the agent, After two months, was sent to Biggs Ore. and other places. After eight months or so, I felt that the east was as good as the west coast. Asked the Supt. for a pass to Sioux City Iowa. which was granted. arriving at Sioux City. again employeed with the C & N W Ry. When I began to realize that the west coast was much better country after all. In course of six months or so I actually got homesick for the west I happened to be acquainted with the Santa Fee General Passenger agent in Sioux City, Who secured a pass for me from Chicago to San Fran over the Santa Fee, This was in the summer of the Alaska Fair in Seattle This was my first trip through California, On my arrival at Los Angels I was very much impressed with Los Angeles and surrounding country, and was so glad to get back to the west coast, Remained there for severd days, and in San Francisco, saw many of the ruines of the Earthquake This was on July 1st, and I nearly froze walking around on market street in the evenings. Left for Seattle to see the Fair, After taking in the fair, and a trip to Vancouver and Victoria B.C. secured employment with the Northern Pacific Ry Co. As telegrapher operator and Agent.

To Be continued.

Adolph Forth.

My two chums and myself decided that the weather was getting too cold and that it would be warmer in St.Louis, Mo. also we were quiet certain that we would find jobs easier then in Dakota. Very little employment during the winter months in the middle states. One of the boys parents lived in East St. Louis and he was familiar with conditions there. We deicded to leave for the south with the bird, as all birds or nealy all migrate for the south in the late fall and return in the spring. We made preparation, and to work our way on freight trains, some of the train crews would take young men with them if they were willing to help load and unload freight at the way stations, each one of us boys had one suitcase and a pack sack, the suit cases we sent to St.Louis by express, the first freight crew allowed us to work all the way through on their division from Sious Falls to Sioux City, Iowa. However at Sioux City we encountered difficiulties in getting out we then found it necessary to bum our way on some freight rain to Omaha, in search we found a stock train with about forty cars of cattle billed for Omaha, the only place that we could find to stow away and that was to climb in a small door at the end of the car climb over the cattle and hide in the hay manger or rack that were full of hay for the stock to eat on the trip. Itwas but a short time when the train started, the stow was flying and winds blowing, growing colder as we went gaily along on our upper berth pulling it got so cold that we could not stand it in our hay berths all the time. Being that the stock was loaded very compact we had a difficult to climb over the backs of the cows, steers and bulls, most of which were Montana rangecattle with long horns.

They were wild, however they could not do much damage account pack in therefore we managed to pick our animals that were ot as vicous. Always kept in a spot where the horned ahimals could not reach us. When we got too cold we could slip out of our straw pullman get on top of the cattle towarm up. In this car there were several rather vicious animals with long horns, to amuse ourself making believe that we were at a bull fight, we did tease the animal, what a scare we got when one tried to get us by trying to climb over the other animals, however we knew that he could make much headway, and the scare ended our sport, this was about a seven hour trip. Arriving at Omaha in the evening cold and hungry, we proceeded to treat ourselves to a nice hot dinner, before we would look for another train for the south. Omaha yards were well policed which made it very difficult to secure freight transportation out of the yards, so we decided to try a fast passenger train which was due to leave Omaha about ten o'clock. After the train left the Union station going through the yards slowly we climbed on the coal tender where we found a convenient place for us to ride, this was a rather cold ride but we were willing to put up with it, being that we made good mileage however at their first stop about 150 miles out of Omaha they stopped at the water tank for water, the fireman discovered us and made us get off. This left us after midnight at a small country town, however happy and having lots of fun as went along, after an hour or so a freight train came along stopped for water, we proceeded to find some quarters to ride. Located an uniced refrigerator which we decided would be good enough for us until we got to the next freight division, from then on we secured permission from conductors to ride in the caboose by helping to unload freight at the way stations, until the last division when we decided

to ride like gentlemen and pay our fare into St.Louis.

Arriving at St.Louis, stopped at some hotel the first night and the next day proceeded to look for work, we were told that the Missouri car shops were hiring men, secured a job that day and went to work the next. The young man from East St.Louis left us and went home this left us total strangers, with no experience in cities like St. Louis. Difficult and strange as it was we managed to get along very well. The next day we went to work in the car shops, however found that half of the employees in the shops were negroes, this did not appeal to me, as I was more or less afraid of those boys especially the way they carried on and the language they sued, which of course was nothing more than the ordinary uneducated factory labor lingo, being that my pal and myself were nothing but kids and with very little experience or so we get acquainted with the city, and found out that they were breaking grounds for the St.Louis World's Fair buildings. We decided to try our luck for a job as a skinner, or mule driver, or to drive team of three mules on a dump wagon, these jobs paid $3.50 a day a dollar more than they paid in the car shops. Applied to the teamster, however he said if I would report the next morning he would try me out, bright and early reported, and was asked to get breakfast at the mess house and that my team would be ready when I get to the stable, I drive asmany as eight horses in a span but did not have any experience with mules u For their amusement they hitched a span of three mules up for me that no one could drive, all newcomers were enicated with this team, well I managed them some but lasted for an hour or so, when all the boys had their fun, was asked to return the team to the stable and get another. To my surprise this was a fine set of mules and found this a very easy and pleasant job to haul

dirt, except very dangerous at the dumping grounds, especially the wagons would overturn toll on the mules crushing them to the extend that they would have to be shot. The driver generally managed to get ouf of the mess by jumping before the wagon began to roll. With the exception of several cases where the driver was not on the alert or possibly slow, in which case several injuries were reported. Fortunately I had but one serious accident, and that was caused by the third span mule stumbling on the down grade which caused him to fall partly unhook from the wagon causing the wagon to slip sideway rolling over on the mule in mud about two feet deep, beofre enough men culd gather and remove the wagon from the mule, the animal drowned in the mud. I received a bad scar from the jump, all temasters were given instructions, how to leave or jump from the wagon in case of a slide. There was no work on Sundays, however the stable foreman gave me the job of herding the mules in an adjoining grazing field Sundays which paid three dollars. This was fun as two were employed to do this, so we then found that we could alternate in taking a sleep while the other would watch the animals of approximately 150 mules. Remained on the job for several months until it was finished. During this time I found that this was not the kind of employment that I cared to follow. Applied at the Inion station for a job, and was given a job shining brass in the lunch room and part time checking parcels. After a month or so, secured a job as news agent on the M.P.Ry between St.Louis and Kansas City. This was a rather exciting centure for me, this was an all daylight run, a local train that would stop at all stations, two days for the round trip. Sundays were the big days when I would sell as many as six hundred papers, and fairly good slaes on other articles and fruit that were carried. After a few

months of this the newness wore off, also could see that there was not much of a future in the business. With this decided to return to Sioux City, Iowa and take up telegraphy and a general business course on what was known at that time the Brown, a Business College. After paying one months tuition, board and room a complete new outfit of clothes, found myself with only about twenty dollars left, at the beginning of the second month, informed Mr. Brown the Superintendent of the college that I would not be able to go to school any longer as I did not have enough money with this he made arrangements to sweep and dust the school rooms and desk, for my tutition also made arrangements with a hotel which wax more or less a family hotel, to start the fires early in the mornings and wait on table three hours a day for my board and room. Not having any heavy expense, with the twenty dollars I got along nicely for several months, during this time, an opera staged one weeks play at the best theatre, they asked the college for six young men to fill in on certain parts on the stage or acts in which I was given an opportunity this paid me one dollar a night. With this I was able to carryon in college, just about the time I was nearly broke, I was informed by my telegraphy teacher that the C&NW Ry Co, asked telegrapher that they wanted to go to a small town as a helper around the station or assistant to the agent, and that I was recommended for the job, being the first one to go out that term. I wass given a card of introduction to the superintendent Mr. Easterly, a real good old fellow this was July 1st, 1903. Mr. Easterly talked to me for an hour or two, then gave me a pass to go the town of Holstein, Iowa. To work for Mr. McClanahan the agent. Mr. easterly came through Holstein occasionally never failed to speak to me, and ask how I was getting along. The agent Mr. McClahan was a fine man, he found that I was a willing worker, gave me the opportunity and taught me to do the agency work as well as the accounting of the station accounts. Six mohths later I was called to Sioux City superintendents office to take examination for a telegrapher. As they knew I was fit for this, during the

time as helper, I had a room in an adjoin ng the office in the depot, occasionally in the evenings the dispatcher would call the office and I would answer on several ocasions helped him out of difficulties to promptly move some of the trains account very few offices open along the line in the evenings and night. I do very distinctly recallmy first train order that I copied and delivered to a passenger train. While I could copy the order ok but the excitement of the responsbiility brought out drops of perpersation. One reason for this was that I feared that the train might get there before I had the order ready, and also that they may fail to stop on the stop signal, beling that they were not accustomed to stop on the stop signal, however they stopped and took the order for a meeting point with another train what a relief when they pulled out and I was wringing wet. The conductor noticed that I was very much ecited, was kind enough to lend a few words of incouragement. The telegraph call for this station was HO. This is a very strong call, and would wake me up nearly every time someone would call during the night. During the six months time practiced telegraphing, and station accounting work so that I was able to handle a station by myself. After taking the examination was sent to Junction City, as telegraph operator and water pumper for the trains with a steam water pump. During the time I was helper received $25.00 per month and five cents for delivery of a telegram. The first telegraph job paid $55.00 and overtime, the first month made $22.00 overtime. This was a very cold winter month, heavy stock train movement, and I was at one time kept n duty for sixty two hours without sleep. After two m ohths a telegrapher, I was called in to take examination for agent, when I was sent out on the road to reli ve agents, from five to fifteen days at a station when I would be called upon to go to anotherstation to relieve the station. In which case it was necessary for me to check the agents accoun s and on his return transfer back to him ,

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